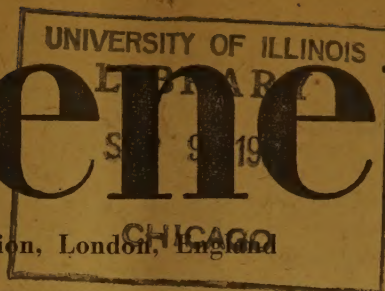


The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



The Temple of Apollo overlooking the site of ancient Corinth. In 'The Testimony of Stones', on page 281, Mr. D. M. Lewis writes about Greek epigraphy

Challenge to the West

By Tibor Mende

Is There Life on Venus?

By Patrick Moore

Uniting Races in Mauritius

By Sir Hilary Blood

The Romantic Expectation

By Erich Heller



Whose deal next? It could be yours

They still talk about the Mancunian who made a fourth with three gentlemen from 'Down Under'. He lost that game and several more but found three firm friends. At Sydney he left the ship with an order for two hundred thousand pounds. The ends were less unusual than the means. For this is the P & O First Class Service to Australia. Here in one of the mighty ships of the P & O fleet the British businessman can come to terms with Australia and the East.

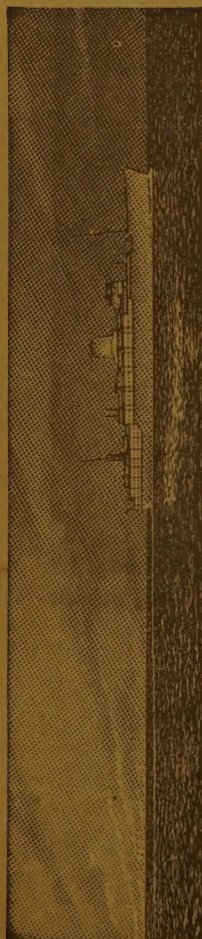
It's unavoidable. Out of some six hundred and fifty fellow passengers travelling first-class *nearly half will be people with similar or connecting interests in the same territory as yourself*. A high percentage of *those* will be people from the very area you are visiting. *They'll* give you the lie of the land as none else can. Conditions are

ideal. On P & O both the sun and the service wear a smile. You have time to know people, to pursue ideas without interruption, to rest properly. You do more constructive work in four weeks at sea than you do in four months at home. Yet you arrive back fresher than when you left!

If you have interests in Aden, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, the Pacific or 'Down Under'—it *pays* to travel *all or part* way by P & O First Class Service to Australia (or the Far East). Special seasonal terms and Ocean Air (Executive) Tickets are available. Ask someone to check *now* with your Travel Agent or with P & O direct: 14/16 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Telephone: WHItchall 4444 or 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. Telephone: AVENue 8000.



First Class to Australia is an investment



The Listener

Vol. LXII. No. 1586

Thursday August 20 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

Triangle of Destiny—IV: Challenge to the West (Tibor Mende)	267
Australia's New Population (Christopher Ralling) ...	269
The Struggle for Power in Laos (James Mossmann) ...	271

THE LISTENER:

Classical Skills	272
What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington)	272

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

An Unusual Piece of Architecture (Bill Grindlay) ...	273
Rescuing Scarlet Tigers (Hugh Newman)	273
What Every Child Should Know (Ivor Jones)	274
Moll the Roaring Girl (Trevor Holloway)	274
Logic or Etiquette? (Nancy Spain)	274

ASTRONOMY:

Is There Life on Venus? (Patrick Moore)	275
--	-----

POEM: Age of Innocence (Graham Hough)

Age of Innocence (Graham Hough)	276
--	-----

REMINISCENCE:

Uniting Races in Mauritius (Sir Hilary Blood)	277
'Oui, Madame, Mais . . .' (Darrell Bates)	285

ART:

The Romantic Expectation (Erich Heller)	279
Seventeenth-century Painting in Venice (Michael Jaffé) ...	288

ANCIENT HISTORY:

The Testimony of Stones (D. M. Lewis)	281
--	-----

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	282
---	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Eric J. Batson, Barbara Worth, A. N. Humphrey, D. H. Edwards, Consultant Anaesthetist, Sir Herbert Thompson, and Henry Savage	286
---	-----

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE	289
--------------------------------------	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Hilary Corke)	294
Television Drama (Peter Pound)	294
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger)	295
The Spoken Word (David Paul)	296
Music (Scott Goddard)	296

MUSIC:

Sir William Walton's Manner and Mannerism (Peter Evans)	297
---	-----

GARDENING: Clipping and Sowing in August (F. H. Streeter) ...

GARDENING: Clipping and Sowing in August (F. H. Streeter) ...	298
---	-----

BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)

BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)	298
---	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE... ..

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE... ..	299
---	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	299
------------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,525

CROSSWORD NO. 1,525	299
----------------------------	-----

Challenge to the West*

By TIBOR MENDE

DURING my recent visit to India, in nearly every hotel I met those square-shouldered Russian technicians on their way to construction sites somewhere in the country. Even in the smallest Indian towns bookshops displayed piles of splendidly illustrated reviews and booklets which provide glowing descriptions of the latest achievements in Communist countries. Newspaper advertisements even offered flights to Paris and London via Tashkent, proclaiming that it is now shorter that way. And India's most influential economist assured me that the Communist world was more genuinely interested in the economic problems of underdeveloped areas and helping to solve them than the West is, if for no other reason than that it wished to weaken Western influence in those regions.

In Japan one can hardly open a newspaper without finding detailed articles on the latest developments in China. Every day delegations leave Tokyo for Moscow or Peking. I met nurses who had been visiting China's hospitals and students who had been invited there by their Chinese opposite numbers. The President of one of the Sino-Japanese Trade Promotion societies told me over lunch of the enthusiastic impressions he had gained on repeated visits to Peking: and his secretaries provided me with documentation about trade possibilities between the two countries.

On the Trans-Siberian railway from Peking to Manchuria I saw at each station delegations of Chinese workers saying farewell to Russian engineers whose service in China had come to an end. Usually there were bouquets and tearful handshakes and the feelings shown seemed genuine. In the university library at Peking I saw students reading Russian technical text-books with the aid of Sino-Russian dictionaries. In several hostels in China I came across Arab and south-east Asian students. Barely a day passes

without a congress where Asians or Africans of different colour and race are united over emotional common denominators against the white man: and daily, at every meal in my Peking hotel, I saw Negro delegations from every corner of Africa. They arrived from their daily tour of factories and institutions in large Zis cars, normally reserved for the privileged of the regime; and at table they were surrounded by the hospitality and the infinite attentions of their Chinese interpreters.

Everywhere within that vast triangle, between Tokyo, Peking, and New Delhi, new ties are being forged. In it one can almost feel that the pendulum of history is shortening and accelerating its swings. Things are happening faster than ever before. In the wake of all those changes new power patterns are likely to emerge.

For three centuries, thanks to their industry and inventiveness, a handful of Western nations have dominated the world. But since 1918 that superiority has been increasingly challenged. The techniques which have assured the West its supremacy spread first to Japan, then to Russia, and now they are transforming China. World power, once concentrated on the two sides of the Atlantic, has now spread all along the northern temperate belt circling the globe. So, as I see it, it is developments among the masses of eastern Asia that may finally tilt the balance against the West. For the course of those developments may produce a pattern which the rest of Asians, if not Africans as well, might come to consider as most suited to their own needs.

Possibilities of action for the West in this situation are already limited. In China we are mere onlookers. We can only hope that the gigantic task of self-emancipation will keep China busy enough to avoid adventure beyond her borders. In Japan the West can only try to help to maintain progress and prosperity and so

* The last of four talks in the series 'Triangle of Destiny'

prevent the growth of any ambitions for new overseas adventures. As for India, the West may soon find itself faced with painful alternatives. It could passively assist the spread of chaos. Or it may be able to use whatever influence it can retain to ensure that a post-Nehru authoritarian regime tackles India's basic problems without recourse to revolutionary methods.

Japan is already an industrialized country, and to maintain her present modest prosperity she needs an assured international trade. But for the Indians the problem is still to find a suitable method of development, and it is in this that Western action could still be decisive both to help to find that method and to make it a success. Through India it could do something to influence the course of events in the rest of south-east Asia. So that India is really the West's last important card remaining in Asia.

The need to aid underdeveloped countries has been admitted ever since 1947—although there have been hesitations about how it should be given. But, despite much idealism and a great deal of money, the gap between the prosperity of the advanced countries and the poverty of the economically backward ones has become not narrower but wider. No doubt the actions and attitudes of the countries that have been helped are partly responsible for this disappointing result. But although it cannot be held accountable for the rising birth-rate, which has had its influence on what has happened, the West too must admit a share of the blame for it.

Patching Up

The approach of the West to this problem has, it seems to me, been marked by two large errors. In the first place, the West has never clearly distinguished between its short-term and its long-term interests. After centuries of unchallenged Western supremacy the natural ambition of the newly independent countries has been to become less dependent on the West. But the West, preoccupied mainly with the military aspect of the Communist challenge, has concentrated merely on patching up existing political, social, and economic structures while the Communists have offered blueprints for either recasting or replacing them. The need for allies who are reliable because their immediate domestic problems are on the way to solution has been consistently sacrificed to the short-term aim of securing military advantages which, in the nature of things, can be only transitory. So support for the moth-eaten ruling classes or the sterile dictators has—in the eyes of countless millions—emptied the West's attitude of whatever moral content it may have had.

The second mistake made by the West has its roots in what may be called a semantic confusion. All along we have been insisting on using Western descriptions for ideas which, in an alien sociological milieu, either meant something different or did not mean anything at all. Shortly after the partition of India, I remember seeing the U.S. Information Services in Bombay distribute beautiful pamphlets, printed in four colours, extolling the merits of free speech. At the same time, people lying along the pavements in front of their Information Centre were literally dying of hunger. Then there is the word 'democracy'. In the West it is regarded as the crowning and precious achievement of centuries of sacrifice and effort. But in an illiterate and backward country it may often amount to no more than a minority's chance to frustrate the justified ambitions of the majority. As for the secret vote, during one of India's general elections a simple villager succinctly summed up his opinion when he remarked: 'We cannot eat the ballot box'.

To the extent that this semantic confusion has led the West to act in the service of ideals rather than of our security, the intention was honourable. Yet its results have been anything but encouraging. Moreover, they now face us with the danger that, wherever disillusion brings with it the overthrow of Western-inspired institutions, all contact with the West may perish in the ruins. Evidence of the disappointing results of Western help to underdeveloped countries piles up simultaneously with reports about the growing volume of aid from the Communist bloc. True, that aid is still small in comparison with what the West provides. Yet, in all probability, Communist aid will go on increasing as Russian and Chinese output expands. In any case, whatever the shortcomings of their system, the Communist countries can rely, in their dealings with the poorer countries, on important material and psychological advantages. They can offer stable markets.

Their aid is presented not as gifts from the rich but rather as fraternal help from countries still working for their own emancipation. Their technicians have been trained within the framework of the kind of centralized planning most underdeveloped countries seem to need.

Communist Publicity

If for no other reason but to weaken the West's economic hinterland, Communist aid in capital and in techniques is largely concentrated on the development of basic industries, on geological surveys, and on the encouragement of indigenous technology. All these tend to boost the self-confidence of the assisted countries. Moreover, to assist their penetration, the Communists can play on a wide emotional keyboard, ranging from racial to historical grievances against the West. Indeed, only the fact that they possess such advantages can explain how, although they provide so much less help than the West, the Communists are harvesting so much more enthusiasm. The transformation of two backward, predominantly agrarian, countries into Great Powers within one generation is certainly no bad publicity for the salesmen of the Communist creed. We ought not to allow our dislike of communism to blind us to these facts.

Several leading European statesmen have recently said they would like to see Russia and the West collaborate in aiding underdeveloped countries. If only humanitarian motives governed political action, such a call would no doubt lead to joint action. As it is, the Communist Powers have some justification for the belief that, politically speaking, they have more to gain from continuing their efforts alone than from the pooling of them with the West. Given their own growing productivity, they may hope that the security the West has gained along Europe's military frontiers might be undermined, if not lost, in the frontierless regions of misery in Asia and Africa. In fact, there is a danger that the precarious world balance resting on technological deterrents might be upset by the advance of communism in underdeveloped countries. That would tip the Cold War balance in favour of the Communist world. For this same reason, an improvement in the methods by which the West helps the poorer countries might be a condition of the end of the Cold War.

But how should such an improvement be brought about? I have seen mines and plantations in a number of underdeveloped countries where the news the ticker tape conveyed from distant, impersonal markets brought unemployment to tens of thousands of workers. Their finance ministers were obliged to shelve promising plans, to frustrate electors, and to look on helplessly while extremist agitators seduced the disillusioned crowds. The assurance of some stability in commodity markets would certainly be one of the most effective ways of helping orderly progress in economically backward states. Then, how many times have I heard people in these countries complain that their products are discriminated against in Western markets? Yet the foreign exchange they would earn, so they said, would return to the West in the form of payment for much-needed equipment. Some Western industries would no doubt suffer from such competition. But others, manufacturers of the kind of equipment those countries need, would sell more and would find steadily expanding markets.

Competing Western Agencies

Again, one hears complaints that Western aid is dispensed by too many, often competing, agencies. To harmonize their aims or to channel that aid through international organizations, the recipients often maintain, would both improve its effectiveness and help to disarm the suspicions that aid by individual nations unfailingly provokes. Yet others object that too often Western aid consists predominantly of food and consumer goods which tend to camouflage the unsolved problems of indigenous production. Technicians in greater numbers, the help of geologists to discover natural resources, educators, and, above all, up-to-date industrial equipment, these objectors say, would be of greater and of more lasting use. These examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely. They nearly all reflect the same desire: to be able to earn rather than to beg the development capital the newly independent countries need.

There is another point. I remember an Indonesian nationalist showing me a copy of a large-circulation American magazine which contained a heavily sarcastic article about President Sukarno's project for a 'controlled democracy'. Then he turned two pages and showed me another article in the same magazine. It heaped enthusiastic praise on a particularly heavy-handed dictator who ruled one of the countries belonging to a Western-inspired regional alliance. 'You Westerners pretend to stand for democracy', said the Indonesian bitterly. 'But you are scornful when we try to adapt it to our own conditions, while the dictator who abolishes all vestiges of liberty gets your praise if he is your military ally'.

I do not want to discuss the merits or the shortcomings of President Sukarno's 'controlled democracy'. But it seems to me that the issue raised by my Indonesian friend touched the heart of the problem of Western aid to underdeveloped countries. Wishing to advance, and preferably at a rapid rate, an underdeveloped country inevitably faces a choice of evils—particularly a large and over-populated nation such as India. In a small and sparsely populated country external aid may play a decisive role. But the same amount of aid dispersed over tens of millions of inhabitants means only an insignificant amount per head of the population. It is first of all in the large, over-populated countries that problems of development are especially complicated and urgent. In such cases only a large-scale indigenous effort can provide the main impulse to progress. But such an effort—implying the massive investment of labour in constructive

projects—would inevitably involve a great deal of suffering. In a situation of that kind external aid could not hope to be more than a mere anaesthetic rendering the operation a little less painful.

Against such a background, the encouragement of unadulterated democracy in an underdeveloped country—with all its freedoms, elections, and parliaments—has the paradoxical effect of tending to obstruct progress. It introduces a political mechanism which usually works too slowly for the economic needs of the situation.

This is not to say that we ought to encourage authoritarian regimes under any conditions. But it does mean that the West ought to show its sympathy with every effort towards progress, particularly when that effort also tries to adapt the democratic mechanism to the sociological, geographical, and climatic realities in which it has to work. As long as a government does not offend against common humanity by unnecessarily harsh dealings with its citizens, we ought not to indulge our missionary zeal by insisting on the copying of our own political systems. A working partnership even with a system alien to our own, if it produces desirable results, will gain us more sympathy than the advocacy of the noblest but perhaps unrealizable ideals.

I do not pretend that this or any of the other suggestions I have made would be easy to put into practice. Nor do I believe that they might not hurt either ideals or interests—or both. But we have only a few years to act. Masses of the human race are on the march: and they would still prefer to advance in our company rather than in spite of us or against us.

—Third Programme

Australia's New Population

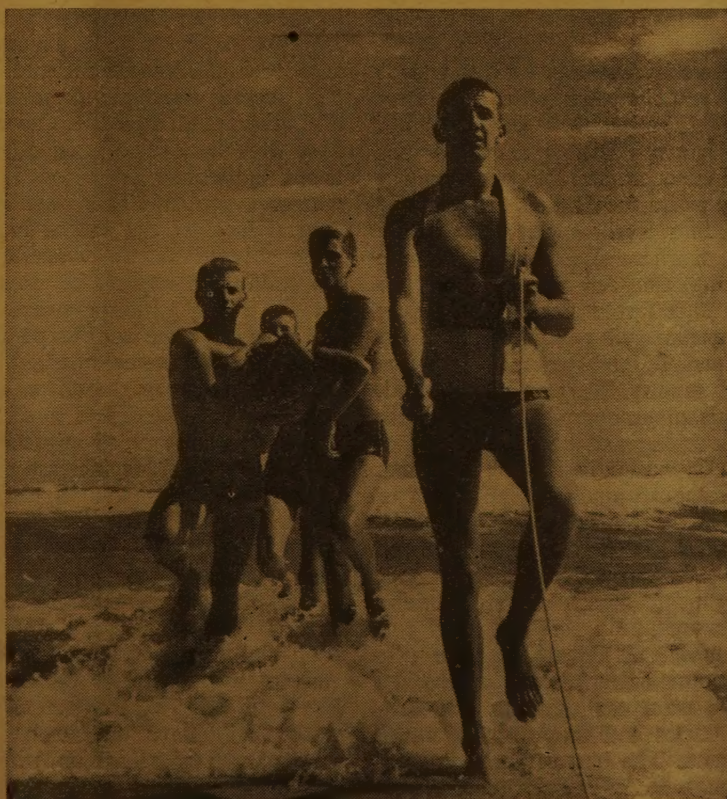
By CHRISTOPHER RALLING

ARRIVING in Australia for the first time is like stepping into a glossy magazine, where everyone is stronger and healthier, smaller in the waist and longer in the leg than people in real life. Almost the first thing I saw was a man jumping over the trees. He was on the Yarra River in Melbourne, with a pair of wings on his back, and water skis on his feet. He was making leaps of thirty feet into the air, behind a speed boat; the only man in the world, so he claimed, who could do any such thing. I was quite prepared to believe him.

But the 'locals', strolling about on a Saturday afternoon, hardly gave a second glance to this man who could practically fly. They have grown used to athletic superlatives. Throughout the end of last summer world records fell to Australian athletes at the rate of one a week. For a small country it was the most extraordinary year of achievement in the history of sport. Fifty-two world records were set by Australian swimmers. Fifteen-year-old John Konrads and his younger sister took twenty between them. A young clerk, Herb Elliott, set a new world track record for the mile which no one, except Elliott himself, has perhaps much hope of beating for years to come. And, not to be outdone, Australian

women shared most of the world sprint records between them.

The atmosphere that fostered these performances is one of limitless physical energy. Australian beaches are famous all over the world but they still have to be seen to be believed. The majestic breakers come rolling in a thousand miles across the Pacific as if the only reason for their journey is to provide a dolphin's back for magnificent young men to ride. On the sand, life-saving clubs control the holidaymakers with flags and whistles, and practise their drill with semi-military precision. Anyone in difficulties has only to raise a hand to find himself removed from the surf with nonchalant efficiency. Hundreds of bathers a year are rescued by these volunteers. In the nineteen-thirties a huge wave at Bondi came right up the beach and took 112 people out to sea. In half an hour all but five were brought in again. Today it is a proud boast that no one ever drowns on a beach that is patrolled by a life-saving club. The mighty Pacific, with its sudden rips and tremendous surf, has been tamed by amateurs for sunburned boys and girls to frolic in. A stranger might suppose he had stumbled on the enchanted playground of gods and goddesses, or been transported back in time to the days when Greece was young.



Demonstration rescue by members of a life-saving club in Sydney

The parallel is not so fanciful. The best of modern Australia lies in vigour and action; and those who migrate go because they see a chance to live their lives to the full while they are young. They also go in search of freedom. But it is hardly ever an abstract kind of freedom that they are looking for. Few feel the need of a new country in order to be something, in order to experience freedom as a sensation: the practical migrant usually goes to do something which the frustrations of the old world prevent him from doing at home.

In Britain the queues at Australia House were the longest they have been in recent years during the autumn of 1956, when petrol rationing was suddenly re-introduced. That was the unromantic reason why several hundred school children will now grow up with the scent of the eucalyptus for a childhood memory, instead of the English rose.

The two basic causes of migration have always been economic pressure and political pressure; and the balance between them in recent years is well illustrated by looking at the figures for various countries. Since the war, Britain with her Commonwealth ties has provided 654,000 new Australian migrants, Italy 181,000, Holland 101,000, Poland 73,000, Germany 62,000, Greece 59,000, Yugoslavia 30,000, and Hungary 27,000. The country which is now fast coming up

to join these leaders as a new and important source of migrants is Finland. The actual number of political refugees that Australia has taken since the war is about 250,000. By size of population, this is easily the highest in the world.

Before one can go there, Australia demands stiff standards of health and what is loosely called 'character'. But once these hurdles are crossed the path of the migrant is fairly smooth. Getting the migrant to Australia is considered by the authorities as the beginning, not the end, of the operation. As one migration officer said to me: 'We don't drop 'em for dead as soon as they arrive'. Government hostels, with a total capacity of 24,000, receive the newcomers who have nowhere else to go, and house them, on the average, for their first fourteen months. Then the Good Neighbour Movement, of 10,000 volunteers, stands ready to move in. The migrants are encouraged to join social clubs, learn English if they do not know it, and generally integrate themselves into the life of the community. They are discouraged, on the whole, from forming national groups; though of course they do. For instance, there is a strong and growing pocket of Italians in the cane fields of north Queensland who have managed, in spite of everyone's efforts, to establish much the same kind of clannish existence that they lived in the villages of Calabria. When I flew to Australia last year I sat next to a girl who had never before been out of her village in Sicily. I sometimes wonder how she has settled down among neighbours who think nothing of driving 200 miles to call on a 'mate'.

How do the majority settle down? A research worker who travelled out on a migrant ship reported that before they reached Gibraltar he knew the ones who were not going to like Australia. Partly, it is a matter of tastes and interests; but much more it is a matter of temperament. The best settlers are those who have burnt their boats in Europe.

I had dinner with six Hungarian refugees in Sydney, who had all fought in the revolution. They had chosen Australia for

the chance of migrating at once, instead of hanging about in a refugee camp; not out of any particular love for British institutions, which they knew very little about. I asked them what struck them most forcibly about Australia now that they had arrived. They looked at me and said: 'After two years in this country, every one of us is running a car'. I met a Danish migrant named Hansen, a wrought-iron worker by trade, who landed in Australia with £25. For the first eighteen months he lived with his wife in half of a pre-fabricated garage, using the other half for a workshop. He built a house by bartering his skill for those of bricklayers and carpenters. Today he runs three vehicles and employs nine men in his own factory.

Hansen, and the thousands of new Australians like him, have the tastes and qualities of practical men. Because they found

leisure late in life, their pleasures are still those of working men everywhere: sport, gambling, and enjoying each other's company over a glass of beer. The difference is that in Australia they have the time, and the money, to fling themselves into these activities with more zest than we do in Europe. Everything is for the day only. They are not yet much concerned with building a model state for the admiration of future generations.

There is one idealistic reason new migrants will often give for having come to Australia, and

that is to give their children the kind of chance they never had themselves. The chance consists in an abundance of food, living in the open air for a large part of the year, and, ultimately, in the opportunity to make a good living. It consists rather less in an academic education. Australian schools maintain a reasonably high average standard: there are none so bad as you find in parts of Europe, and there are also none so good as the best that we have over here. The main criticism that visiting teachers make about Australian education is that it is all much the same wherever you go. There are bright pupils, of course, but the general level of the annual intake at the universities is causing some misgivings. So when a new migrant speaks of giving his children a chance, he does not mean a chance to compete for the most 'glittering prizes' (too many Australians still feel the need to come to Europe in pursuit of these); he means a chance for them to enjoy a high level of physical and mental well-being and to reap the advantages of living in one of the most socially equal societies on earth.

The present rate of migration is in the region of 115,000 a year. The plan is to increase the population steadily by one per cent. per year through migration; and by 1½ per cent. through natural increase. This represents a far higher rate than was ever attempted in the United States; and what the final outcome will be like no one can say.

The character of a nation can be much more than the facile creation of cartoonists and music-hall comedians. Like that of the Irish and the Spanish, what we have come to recognize as the Australian character is organic and strong. The English writer Mr. John Pringle, and others with a better knowledge of Australia than I have, believe that it is strong enough to absorb the present rate of migration without changing under the impact. But I am inclined to doubt it. The life lived by graziers and stockmen has already lost its momentum.

The epic story of modern Australia begins in central Europe



Young emigrants to Australia on board the liner 'New Australia'

among the refugees, the unemployed, and people who simply have the urge to start a new life, and it leads to the vigour and action so manifest in the sports arenas and on the beaches of Australia. The parents of John and Ilsa Konrads, probably the two best swimmers the world has ever seen, migrated from Latvia after the war. They arrived to see their children flourish like plants that have been deprived of light and air. The process is like iodine; it smarts but it is efficacious. It is also continually destructive of old idols. Anzac Day, for instance, when the dead of two wars are remembered, is still the most solemn occasion of the Australian year. The memorials in Sydney and Melbourne look like the head office of an insurance company and a minor pyramid, respectively. But what they stand for has already undergone a change. There is now a new migrant from Turkey who marches in the Anzac procession each year. 'I was at Gallipoli before the rest of you arrived', he claims with pride, 'and I was still there after you left'.

Mercifully, this mixing of races and clashing of cultures is proceeding in comparative isolation. For the moment, the world is giving Australia a breathing space in which to absorb her new population. Nevertheless we are still much too ready to suppose that Australians are deliberately trying to create something different. We tend to think of the country as some new kind of prototype nation, which we have cut adrift to see how she will respond

to the winds and tides of the South Pacific. In return, they think of Europe as a leaky old hulk, from which it is their duty to salvage as much as they can. Two hundred years ago a man named Banks, a botanist, who first set foot on Australian soil with Captain Cook, wrote in his diary: 'Who knows but England may revive in New South Wales when she has sunk in Europe'. Modern Australian planners have expanded that vision of Banks the botanist, without basically changing it. But it was an imaginative conception; the complete transplanting of an ancient culture to the other side of the world.

Inevitably, perhaps, the European visitor to Australia feels a sense of disappointment where the transplanting has succeeded best: at social evenings in the most expensive suburbs; at the sight of so much Victorian architecture, like rows of overcoated men in the midst of a heat wave; and in the all-pervading type-writer routine which follows western technology wherever it goes. If all this, to the visitor, is still rather too much like his own face in the mirror he must look for his inspiration to the young migrants and their children who have the chance in Australia to create almost whatever they like. Already responsible people are talking of a population of '40,000,000 within our children's time'. Nor, as I see it, is there any need for disillusionment in the fact that the primary motive for migration seems to be a material one. That has usually been so when populations are on the move.

—European Services

The Struggle for Power in Laos

By JAMES MOSSMAN

THE scene of the struggle for power in Laos is a wild, mountainous country which borders on the communist states of China and North Viet-Nam. Although it is the size of Britain, it has fewer than 3,000,000 inhabitants. Their king—a resplendent headman—spends most of his time in the old royal capital of Luang Prabang, surrounded by ancient, squat palaces and fretted, gold-encrusted temples. Vientiane, the administrative capital, is an overgrown village where embassies and ministries are hidden in orchards and rose gardens and where there are only two muddy main streets and no daily newspapers.

When the Indo-Chinese war between France and the communist Viet-Minh ended in 1954, Laos became independent, but communist forces controlled the two northern provinces; the Royal Government administered the south and centre. This uneasy state of affairs ended in 1956, when Prince Souvanna Phouma, the then Prime Minister, made a compact with his royal half-brother, Prince Souphanouvong, head of the communist forces, which united the country under one rule. The leading communists dissolved their warlike Pathet Lao movement and formed instead a Patriotic Party, which was all perfectly constitutional and above board. Two of its members were admitted into the Cabinet. The princely Prime Minister meanwhile assured anxious Western observers that everything was under control. Yet the communists won every seat in the supplementary elections held soon afterwards. Communist tactics were more than a match for the confused and divided coalition of Nationalist and Independent Party politicians who formed the government.

The Prime Minister resigned, and a new government took office under a modest landowner called Phoui Sananikone. Much to everyone's surprise, Phoui's first move was to evict the two communists from the Cabinet. His second was to dissolve the old, corrupt government parties and form a new coalition. This was a stream-lined organization of the kind that should have existed long before the supplementary elections were ever held. At the same time, a 'ginger' group of moderate civil servants and army officers made its first appearance in Vientiane. Calling themselves 'The Young Ones', they pledged themselves to see that the government remained honest and efficient. One of their first acts was to force the old guard politicians to agree to devalue the currency in order to reduce opportunities for administrative corruption

But the old guard soon began to kick against the restraints which 'The Young Ones' were trying to impose on it. The ties of Phoui's coalition began to fray, and the Prime Minister discovered that the Laotian army was growing increasingly restless and might soon decide to step in and take control of the government itself. At first Phoui thought of resigning. Then, last spring, he forced some sweeping proposals through the National Assembly. These gave him dictatorial powers for twelve months.

The coup differed strikingly from others mounted in Asia in the past two years. There is little doubt that the Laotian army is closely involved with the present Government, but the fact remains that so far it plays a secondary role to that of the Prime Minister. Phoui's aim is to set the economy and administration on a sound footing, as the first vital move in the fight against the communists, and as the first step towards Laotian development. He believes that without special powers he could never have attempted this; that the communists would have been too strong for him and would have swept him away. For already, since winning the supplementary elections, the communist Patriotic Party has shown that it is the only really effective political machine in the country. In a sense, the party is a front for the hard core of Moscow-trained communist leaders who make the important policy decisions. In the same way, Prince Souphanouvong—who has been said to be under arrest in Vientiane—is little more than a romantically-minded figurehead for the inner ring.

On leaving the jungle in 1956, these communists were careful to observe the letter of the Constitution so as not to provoke the Laotian army into acting against them. So they went into the villages and preached support for the monarchy and the Buddhist priesthood, and never mentioned the word 'communism' at all. They demanded an end to what they termed 'American imperialism' in Laos, and suggested that their country should become neutralist, as is neighbouring Cambodia. They also fiercely attacked governmental corruption, and pledged that they would clean up the administration and satisfy local grievances. So successful were they, that had the July elections been held as planned the communists might have done very well—might even have won a working majority. It was to stop this—and also to prevent the army from acting on its own—that Phoui staged his coup.—From a talk in the General Overseas Service

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1959

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Classical Skills

THE twenty-sixth chapter of *Northanger Abbey* for long seemed to contain a sentence that betrayed a lapse on the part of Jane Austen. When describing a journey made by three people, the text referred to them as 'the two'. Then a classical scholar—Dr. Verrall—conjectured that Jane had written 'the trio' and sense was restored to the passage. The matter was perhaps trifling, but not to a Janeite and certainly not to any classical scholar. Since the Middle Ages, when men first became aware of how slender was the body of classical literature surviving from the ancient world, scholars have fought (even against each other) to purify the text of what has survived. Their labours have revealed that the whole science of textual criticism and emendation has a tradition of its own that stretches right back through antiquity, virtually to the original authorship of most of the works of Greek and Latin literature. In fact, a writer such as Propertius may, like John Donne, have altered his own writings later in life and so himself have introduced alternative versions of what he meant to say.

The business of trying to purify an author's text is an exacting task, which in the last hundred years, with the opportunity to collate manuscripts by photograph all over the world, has been brought to a high state of perfection; in the same period the number of texts available has been multiplied through the growth of two other academic sciences, those of papyrology and epigraphy. Since 1788 a stream of literary papyri, generally dug out of the sands of Egypt, has led to the recovery of large fragments of previously unknown or mutilated Greek and Latin works. Epigraphy was practised in both antiquity and during the Renaissance. Herodotus studied inscriptions and in the third century (B.C.) a man called Philochorus edited a collection; while 500 years ago their importance was rediscovered by an Italian scholar, Cyriac of Ancona. But only during the last century has work on inscriptions led to the deciphering and publication of what amounts to a whole body of fresh literature, particularly Greek, that is of the highest value to economists, historians, and students of prose and poetry alike. Mr. D. M. Lewis of Oxford explains, in a talk that we now print, some of the skills that have been perfected by scholars who work at epigraphy. He ends his account by making the point that the importance of inscriptions is such that every branch of classical scholarship involves their study.

The ordinary reader may well ask himself if all this bothering with detail has any significance for him. Is it vital to the modern world's knowledge of the ancient? The science of archaeology has an obvious appeal. The importance of the Temple of Apollo at Corinth, reproduced on our cover, can be felt by any visitor to Greece or indeed by anyone looking at a photograph of the ruins which survive. Yet the other sciences also have their own valuable contribution to make to classical knowledge. Textual criticism has made sense of many hundreds of difficult passages in our surviving Greek tragedies. Laborious work on papyri has given back to the world so striking a treasure as the first ode of the first book of Sappho. And it is not too much to say that from start to finish the whole history of the Peloponnesian war has had to be re-written in the light of reconciling evidence in Thucydides with evidence derived from inscriptions.

What They Are Saying

Laos tension and Chinese difficulties

ALTHOUGH THERE SEEMS to have been a lull in the fighting inside the small Indo-China kingdom of Laos, broadcasting stations in many parts of the world have been attributing the blame for the situation in different directions, and trying to assess the extent of the danger to international peace which the Laos clashes represent. Peking radio opened one of its main bulletins by quoting a Chinese Foreign Office spokesman who had said:

The United States and the Sananikone Government of Laos are brewing the scheme of bringing the Laotian question to the United Nations so as to involve some other countries in the U.S.A.'s dirty activities of aggression and intervention in Laos, and save the U.S.A. from isolation. But to do this is in itself a violation of the Geneva and the Vientiane agreements. The Laotian authorities must faithfully implement the Geneva and the Vientiane agreements; that is a question which concerns the two parties to the Vientiane agreements and the countries participating in the Geneva Conference—a question in which the United Nations has no right at all to intervene.

The Peking broadcast statement also contained the following:

The United States has directed the Laotian authorities to strengthen their collusion with the remnant armed forces of the Chiang Kai-shek clique. It has also incited the Laotian authorities to conclude agreements with Thailand and South Viet-Nam to facilitate the introduction of American arms into Laos, and tried to draw Laos step by step into the U.S. military bloc-system by means of these bilateral agreements.

The radio of communist-ruled North Viet-Nam, quoting the North Viet-Nam newspaper *Nhan Dan*, declared that the United States had replaced old armaments of the Royal Laotian army with new tanks and artillery, and planned to bring to Laos many Dakota and Beaver aircraft. The *New York Times* wrote:

The aggressive purpose of this communist campaign is evidenced by the fact that there are no American bases in Laos and the only foreign 'troops' in it are 200 American and French officers to help train the Laotian army. The situation obviously demands action by the Seato powers as well as by the United Nations, which has already been alerted by Laos.

The Australian radio quoted *The Melbourne Age*, which evidently thinks that the Laos crisis has a more psychological and political than military significance:

There is good reason for discounting the likelihood of another Korea. The U.S.A. may feel obliged to defend itself against charges that it is establishing bases in Laos, and the North Viet-Nam government may feel obliged to deny that it is interfering in Laos, but there is little evidence of the kind of build-up of forces which would make these verbal exchanges of much significance. The danger, as always in these delicate situations, is that of miscalculation.

Those who believe that countries which face internal difficulties sometimes seek foreign diversions may see significance in the fact that, while attacking the United States over Laos, Peking radio was explaining on its home service the meteorological reasons for some severe droughts in parts of China, which have adversely affected agricultural plans. According to Peking the droughts in some areas of the Yellow River and the Yangtse and Huai river basins have been caused by unusual movements of warm air from the Pacific, which remained stationary over south China during June.

Several days earlier the Yugoslav home service gave a dispatch from Peking according to which the Chinese *People's Daily* had been warning against the revival of 'Rightist tendencies and opportunism' which were, according to the newspaper, 'an expression of disbelief in the possibility of achieving further economic leaps-forward in China on the basis of past years' achievements, and of negative belief that the time has come to take a breather'.

The Yugoslav broadcast said it was believed that crops from the second summer sowing in China have been struck and are seriously endangered by drought over about 28,000,000 acres of land.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

AN UNUSUAL PIECE OF ARCHITECTURE

IN THE SPRING, work will start on the construction of a striking new building for the Commonwealth Institute in London, at the southern end of Holland Park. BILL GRINDLAY has been to see the architect's model, now on show at the present Institute in South Kensington, and he described it in 'Weekend Review', a programme in the General Overseas Service.

'The new building', he said, 'will be set in three acres of parkland. On the left as you approach there will be an office block, which will include accommodation for the Commonwealth Students' Club. This building is conventional enough, but the main exhibition block is as exciting a piece of architecture as I have yet seen in London. The most striking feature will be the roof. It will be sheathed in copper, and will curve gracefully down over the eaves from two separate peaks. The walls below the roof will be made of translucent glass, illuminated from within at night, shining up on to the copper of the roof. The copper sheathing, incidentally, will be a present from the Northern Rhodesian Chamber of Mines.'

'The interior design is equally striking. An ante-room will contain an exhibition illustrating the Commonwealth as a whole, and the part Britain plays in it. And from here a gentle ramp will lead to a circular platform, round which the exhibitions of all the member countries will be arranged in three ascending tiers. Each display will have its own internal lighting; and from the central well of the building there will be an unimpeded view up to the soft curves of the copper roof. The tiered arrangement combined with the varied lighting is intended to reduce the weariness which so often results from walking round a large exhibition'.

RESCUING SCARLET TIGERS

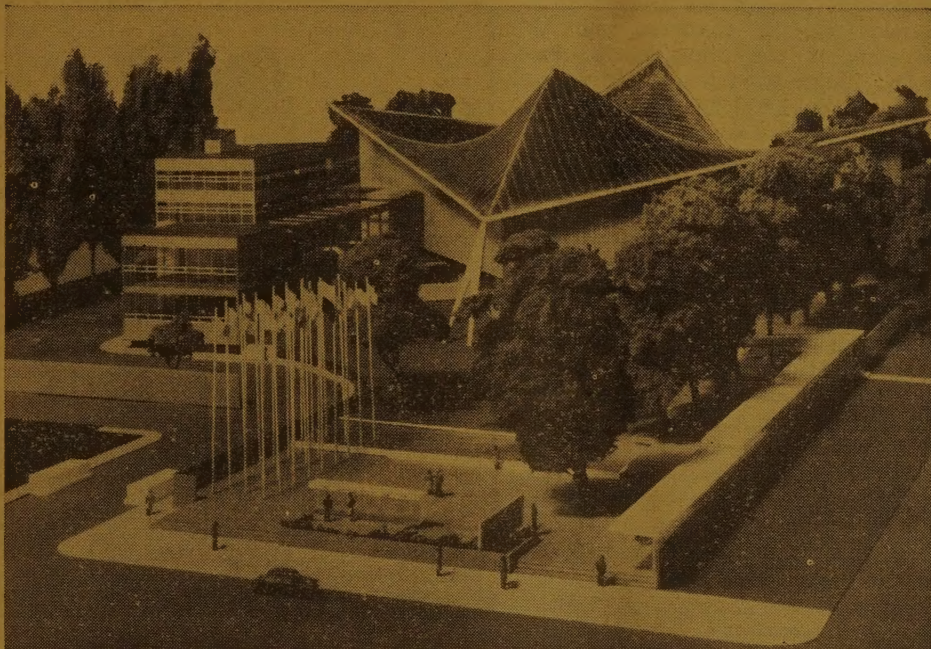
One hears so much these days about the diminution and even loss of species that it is good to hear of something rare being saved from destruction. HUGH NEWMAN spoke from the West of England in 'Naturalists' Notebook' (Network Three) about his 'rescue' of the Scarlet Tiger moth.

'Every spring', he said, 'I make a pilgrimage to a certain locality on the south coast to collect a few caterpillars of the Scarlet Tiger moth. At this spot, between Dover and Deal, the white cliffs are high, and at the foot of them the herbage is lush in spring-time with masses of wild flowers in bloom.'

'The caterpillars I am interested in are attractive, furry creatures, olive-green striped with yellow. When I visited the colony with my son earlier this year there were, as usual, plenty of caterpillars feeding on all manner of food plants: they were on white dead nettle and stinging nettle, bramble, dog rose, and even nibbling at the wild cabbage plants, while in places they had stripped the branches of the blackthorn and hawthorn bushes.'

'Soon I saw the sergeant in charge of the rifle range, which is set up on the shingle, coming along (it was a Sunday and there was no firing practice that day).

We had met before, and he stopped for a chat. I remarked how prolific the Scarlet Tigers were this season, and his reply startled me: "You won't be coming here again I suppose?" I asked him why not, and he said that the bulldozers would be arriving in a few weeks' time to clear away all the undercliff so that the



Model of the proposed new Commonwealth Institute showing the exhibition block with its copper roof

rifle range could be extended. I could hardly believe it possible, but it appeared that the plans had been approved at top level.

"What are you going to do about it?", my son asked. I told him there was only one thing to do—we must try to save this age-old colony from extinction. My car was parked on the shingle nearby, and I had plenty of boxes, paper bags, and even a couple of large empty breeding cages in the boot. I turned to my boy: "We've got to pick up every caterpillar we can find in the next few hours. Come on, let's get going". We stopped counting after we had reached 500, and when we eventually made for home the

greater part of that historic colony of Scarlet Tiger moths was safely in my car. Where could I "plant" the caterpillars? After rejecting several ideas, I remembered a letter I had received not long before from a landowner in Lincolnshire, asking me to advise him on the best way of increasing the butterflies and moths in his district.

'I made arrangements to travel to Lincolnshire the next day. The estate was eight miles from the nearest town, so the herbage was perfectly clean—no city smoke to poison the caterpillars. There were several wild areas in the garden, and before long I found the ideal spot: a long hedgerow of hawthorn with plenty of the weeds the caterpillars liked growing among the grass at the foot. Before the sun went down I had carefully put out some 350 Scarlet Tiger moth caterpillars under the hedge. The next morning there they all were, sunning themselves on the nettles or clinging to the hawthorn bushes.'

'The rest of the colony I kept in reserve, so to speak, and used them for



Scarlet Tiger moth

L. Hugh Newman

breeding purposes, because one can never be certain when introducing a new species to a locality what predators there may be, or how the species will settle down. So I made double sure: I mated some fifty pairs of the south-coast colony, and some I sent up to Lincolnshire as tiny caterpillars, the rest I am keeping at my new home in the country, where the air is clean and the food-plant fresh'.

WHAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

What should a well-trained communist child know? A leaflet answering this question has been issued by the East German authorities. It is addressed to children between six and fourteen, who are members of two organizations controlled by the Communist Party, between them 1,000,000 strong. IVOR JONES, B.B.C. correspondent in Berlin, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'Any parent could approve of much of this communist catechism', he said. 'The children are told to learn to use simple tools, to wash and iron the blue neckerchief that is part of their uniform, to help about the house, and to study animals and plants. Here special stress is laid on maize, strange at first sight but obviously connected with Mr. Khrushchev's interest in that crop. He never visits East Germany without asking to see a maize field.'

'These instructions about being useful are not intended only to benefit the children and their parents. An exhortation to collect scrap metal and other waste is part of a campaign to make good East Germany's shortage of raw materials; and as for animals, the authorities are hoping to make a profit of £100,000 this year on rabbits kept by the pioneers. But their training has other practical purposes, too. The children of eight are told to learn to obey the commands "Fall in", "Right turn", "Left turn", and "Attention", and to march in step. They are also asked: "What do you know about our Army?" By eleven years old they are expected to know how to move safely and skilfully over open country; and, a year later, to start going out on field training with troops or units of the Workers Fighting Group, which is a sort of militia. At fourteen, the leaflet tells them they should be able to lead a company or a reconnaissance party during exercises.'

'For politics, the children of six begin by learning *The Song of the Little White Peace Dove*. By the age of eight they are expected to know why East Germany annually celebrates the anniversary of the Russian Revolution. Those of nine are urged to seek out Veterans of Labour who will tell them about the workers' struggle. They should already, by then, know a good deal about such communist heroes as Ernst Thälmann, after whom the older pioneers' organization is named.

'So it goes on, and the children's orders get sharper. At eleven they must know which states are East Germany's allies against the predatory imperialists. They must learn fluent Russian and how to stage propaganda displays. And at thirteen or fourteen they must undergo "youth consecration"—the communist version of confirmation. It is a strange and serious childhood'.

MOLL THE ROARING GIRL

Three hundred years ago one of the most infamous women London has ever known died at her house in Fleet Street', said TREVOR HOLLOWAY in 'Today'. 'She was Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cut-purse, or Moll the Roaring Girl. She was the first of all "molls", and undoubtedly the worst—as clever as she was wicked, a brawler, bully, cut-purse, and receiver all rolled into one. While other young ladies of her age were sewing samplers, Moll was leading gangs of hooligans into battle,

cracking skulls, raiding taverns, and terrorizing street traders.

In desperation, shoe-maker Frith attempted to put his wild-cat daughter out to service. She absconded the very first night. Clad in male attire, with a club in her hand and a pipe in her mouth (she claimed to be the first Englishwoman to smoke), she joined the underworld. As a cut-purse she excelled, but when fashion replaced the slung leather purse by pockets Moll found her clumsy fingers were too thick, so she decided it was high time she cashed in on crime from the administrative rather than the practical side.

'From behind the counter of her trinket store in Fleet Street



MOLL CUT = PURSE.

*See here the Prefidessè oth pilfing Trade
Mercuryes second Venus's onely Mayd
Doublet and breeches in a Uniform dresse
The male Humurrist a Kickshaw messe
Here no attraction that your fancy greets
But if her FEATURES please not read her FEATS*

died she wrote: "I expect not, nor will I purchase, a Funerall Commendation, but let the Sexton mumble Two or Three Dusty Claiy words and put me in, and there's an end"'.

LOGIC OR ETIQUETTE?

'Etiquette, to the middle-aged golfer, seems to be just about the whole of golf', said NANCY SPAIN in 'Woman's Hour'. "A one-ball must always let a two-ball or a three-ball through". "A three-ball should always let a two-ball through". And on the whole The Ladies are harder on The Ladies than anyone else.

'The other day, in a strange club in the North of England I set off into a slight drizzle, all by myself, trying to keep my hand in. I could dimly see the figure of a lady (I am very short-sighted), dressed for wet weather, in a deerstalker hat lashed under the chin, waterproof jacket and skirt, and large, fringed brogues. "Fore!" I called, feeling very foolish, and drove my balls (I was playing two of them, A versus B) smartly past her. She had about thirty balls out with her and was doing, over and over again, a difficult approach shot on to the first green.

'I was so intimidated by her and her deerstalker hat that after I had played my A ball I did not dare to stop and search for my B ball. I hurried on to the second hole. On my way back I avoided this lady. I trotted down the road pulling my clubs on a little trolley-car, but she called out to me, "Have you lost a ball?" I said "Yes". I also said, recovering some of my poise: "I was too frightened to look for it. I thought I was messing up your practice". "That's what I thought too", said Mrs. Deerstalker; "I thought: there are eighteen holes on the course, so she has to start at number one".

'Am I deficient in logic, or is there some strange point of etiquette here that I have not heard about?'

Is There Life on Venus?

By PATRICK MOORE

THROUGHOUT the summer of 1959, the planet Venus has been a conspicuous feature of the evening sky. It has been visible in the west after sunset, shining more brilliantly than any other star or planet, and for a time it was even capable of casting a shadow. On September 1 it passes almost between the Earth and the Sun, but by the end of the month it will again be conspicuous—this time as a morning object, in the eastern sky before dawn.

In some ways Venus is almost a twin of the Earth. It has a diameter of 7,700 miles, as against the 7,926 of our own world, and its mass is almost the same as that of our world. It is closer to the Sun than we are, with a mean distance of 67,000,000 miles, and so is presumably hotter, but there is no reason to suppose at once that the temperature there must be unbearable. Its 'year' is equal to 224½ of our days.

Lack of Detail

Apart from the Moon, Venus is the nearest natural body in the sky. At its closest it may approach us to within 25,000,000 miles; this is roughly 100 times as remote as the Moon, and almost 10,000,000 miles closer than Mars ever gets to us. Moreover it is much larger than Mars, and we might be entitled to expect that our telescopes would show us a great amount of detail—particularly in view of the features observed on the Martian surface, and the very delicate objects visible on the Moon. Unfortunately this hope is not realized. Viewed through even a powerful instrument, Venus presents a bright disk almost totally lacking in detail. Instead of being the best known of the planets, Venus is probably the world about which we know least.

The reason for this is definite enough. Whereas Mars has a thin and virtually transparent atmosphere, and the Moon lacks any appreciable mantle, Venus is covered with a shielding atmosphere which prevents our seeing the true surface at all. All we can see are the upper layers of Venus's 'air', and the elusive dusky and bright patches recorded from time to time are in the nature of clouds, though probably they differ widely from the cloud so common in our own skies.

A small or moderate telescope will, of course, show the characteristic phase of Venus. Since—like the other planets—it has no light of its own, and is moreover relatively close to the Sun, Venus shows phases which are basically similar to those of the Moon. When 'new', and between the Earth and the Sun, its dark face is turned toward us, and we cannot see it at all. (Occasionally the lining-up is exact, and Venus then appears as a black spot against the Sun; but these transits are rare, and the next one will not take place until A.D. 2004.) When Venus is full, it is on the far side of the Sun, and again observation is difficult. At times of greatest brilliancy the planet shows as a crescent. This will be the state of affairs in September, and by the end of the month about 20 per cent. of the illuminated side will be presented to us.

The Ashen Light

There have been many reports that during the crescent phase of Venus the 'dark' side of the planet is seen shining with a faint glow, called the Ashen Light. A similar appearance for the Moon can be explained as being due to light reflected from the Earth; but the Ashen Light remains something of a mystery. Some astronomers regard it as nothing more than a contrast effect, but recent spectrographic work carried out by N. Kozirev in Russia and G. Newkirk in the United States seems to support an old theory that its origin is electrical. If so, it may be more or less analogous to terrestrial aurorae, and it is also a fact that Venus is believed to have a fairly strong magnetic field.

In the mid-nineteenth century a German astronomer named Franz Gruithuisen, who was a reasonably sound observer but who is best remembered nowadays for his vivid imagination, advanced the amazing theory that the Ashen Light might be due to vast forest fires lighted on Venus by the local inhabitants to celebrate the crowning of a new ruler. Ideas of this sort cannot be taken seriously, but it is certainly worth inquiring whether there is the slightest chance of our finding life on Venus.

If terrestrial-type life is to appear on any world, certain conditions must be fulfilled. There must be a reasonably equable temperature; there must be a suitable atmosphere, and there must be an adequate supply of water. If all these conditions are satisfied, there is every reason to expect that life will obtain a foothold. However, most of our neighbour worlds appear to be hopelessly hostile; the Moon, as we know, is almost without atmosphere and entirely without water, while the same is true of Mercury, and the giant planets (Jupiter and the rest) are even more definitely ruled out. Only Mars offers real hope. Here the temperature is by no means intolerable, even though it is much lower than that of the Earth; and the atmosphere is considerable, though tenuous and poor in oxygen. There must also be a certain amount of moisture, since the white polar caps are apparently of an icy or frosty nature. The result is that plant life has appeared; most astronomers—though not all—believe that the dark patches seen on the ochre surface are due to primitive vegetation, and although this is unproved it is certainly a reasonable assumption.

Incomplete Evidence

If, then, Venus satisfies our main conditions there is a good chance that life exists there. Unfortunately the evidence available is hopelessly incomplete, mainly because we have never been able to see below the top part of the atmosphere, and all we can do is to make the best possible use of what information we have.

First there is the question of temperature, and this is linked with the constitution of the planet's atmosphere. Analysis shows that there is no detectable free oxygen, but abundance of carbon dioxide. This gas acts rather in the manner of a greenhouse, and blankets in the solar heat; Venus is relatively near the Sun, and it is probable that the surface is very hot, though no precise estimates can be made.

The atmosphere itself is entirely unsuitable for animal life, but this was also the case on Earth in the distant past—say 2,000,000,000 years ago, when our world was young. In those far-off times it is believed that free oxygen was scarce, and that the atmosphere consisted largely of substances such as hydrogen, nitrogen, methane, ammonia, and carbon dioxide, together with water vapour. This mixture was constantly affected by phenomena such as short-wave radiation from the Sun, and there is laboratory evidence that under such conditions more complex substances would be produced. It was from these relatively complex substances that life first appeared—in the oceans. Should Venus have extensive seas, there is at least a chance that life is beginning there, just as it began on Earth, so that it is possible that a similar evolutionary sequence would occur, starting with tiny single-celled organisms and ending up with intelligent creatures. Again, however, our information is painfully scanty.

Thirty years ago, the Swedish scientist Svante Arrhenius was writing in strong support of the theory that Venus today resembles



Venus as it will be seen in September, when at its most brilliant

Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories

the Earth in the coal forest period. He pictured oceans and swamps, with luxuriant vegetation of the horse-tail type, and probably insects and amphibians; in his own words, 'on Venus it seems that everything is dripping wet'. At that time the atmosphere had not been satisfactorily analysed, and later work has led to the rejection of Arrhenius's attractive idea. It simply does not fit the facts. A more depressing picture, widely supported at the present time, is that Venus is an arid dust-bowl, where winds blow constantly through the unfriendly atmosphere and there is no moisture on the whole planet. If so, we must agree that Venus is lifeless. An alternative theory, advanced by the American astronomers D. H. Menzel and F. L. Whipple, maintains that the surface of Venus is entirely covered with water, and that the 'clouds' are made up of H_2O .

A 'Day' of Four Weeks?

The question is completely open, and our paucity of knowledge is driven home by the fact that we do not even know how long Venus takes to rotate on its axis; it is believed that the 'day' there is about as long as four of our weeks (in which case there will only be seven or eight 'days' in every 'year'), but arguments are still going on. For the moment, however, let us assume that the Whipple-Menzel marine theory is correct, so that we can make some speculation about present conditions.

Life on Earth began in the sea, and at that time the atmosphere was poor in oxygen. When plants spread across the continents, they extracted carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and replaced it by oxygen; much of the free oxygen now present must be attributed to this cause. If there are any appreciable land-masses on Venus, the same process might occur, but the current lack of free oxygen indicates that it cannot have got very far.

To sum up: Venus is a world which appears unable to support advanced life. There is a definite loophole for primitive marine organisms, but it is unwise to be at all dogmatic, since we cannot even prove that oceans exist. Whether more complex life-forms will evolve remains to be seen, and we have to admit that at the moment there seems little chance of our finding out one way or the other. At least the hostile atmosphere, together with other factors, enables us to dispose of the extraordinary 'flying saucer from Venus' stories which have been current ever since 1947, but which must be classed with Franz Gruithuisen's 'forest fires' of a century and a quarter ago.

Yet we must be cautious. One question which is always being asked runs as follows: 'Just because Earthmen could not survive on Venus, why do we assume that no other forms of life can exist? Is it not possible that there are beings built upon a different pattern, so that they can manage quite happily in a carbon dioxide atmosphere?' We do not really understand 'life', but there is

a great deal of information about the structure of living molecules. The foundation is the atom of carbon, which possesses a unique quality of being able to act as a basis for the complex structures required. Of the remaining elements, only silicon has an even remotely comparable power, and there is no evidence of silicon-based life on Earth.

It is suggested, therefore, that all life—whether on Venus, Earth, or anywhere else—may have to be based in the same fashion, in which case our three limiting conditions (temperature, atmosphere, and water) are valid. The Sun is an ordinary star, and it appears likely that many of the 100,000,000,000 other stars in our own Galaxy may have planet-families of their own; if so, Earth-type worlds may be common, and many of these may be expected to support life. Extra-terrestrial beings might not resemble ourselves physically, but if not entirely alien they would still be based upon the same materials. This would also apply to planets moving round stars in the millions of other galaxies known to us.

Advanced life of terrestrial type is almost certainly absent from Venus, because conditions are hopelessly unsuitable for it. If there is any advanced life at all, it must be completely alien to ourselves and built upon a fundamentally different pattern. It would be rash to say outright that this is impossible, but we must make the most rational deductions possible from our modern knowledge, and we have to admit that any such thing appears decidedly improbable. There is no evidence in favour of it, and all the indirect evidence seems to point in the opposite direction. It is logical to assume that the carbon-breathing, many-tentacled creatures of science fiction, known graphically and popularly as 'bug-eyed monsters', belong only between the pages of books.

Enigmatic World

Meanwhile, Venus remains one of the most fascinating worlds in the Solar System. It is so like the Earth in some ways and so utterly unlike in others; even now we have never seen its surface, and most of our theories have to be based largely upon guesswork. Though it seems overwhelmingly probably that the lower atmosphere is as hostile as the upper region which has been subjected to spectroscopic analysis, we cannot be entirely certain. Tentative plans are being made to send unmanned rocket vehicles there, and these may in time lead on to instrument-carrying rockets which will perhaps be able to probe some of the secrets which puzzle us, but for the moment we have no alternative but to confess that Venus is very much of an enigma. At least it is well worth looking at through a telescope, if only to see its characteristic phases, and it will continue shining brilliantly in morning skies for some months to come.—*From 'The Sky at Night', presented on B.B.C. Television in July*

Age of Innocence

But did not Paradise itself contain,
Sad embryo, hidden beneath its heart,
The whole of wrinkled history in a why?
For all the garden wondered; the first rain
Brought shimmering miracle; the waking earth
Lay a huge lovely question to the sky.

In this green kindergarten of the years
'Thou shalt not' seemed a crabbed unlikely tale.
She saw no dark forbiddings on the trees,
And if a suave snake whispered in her ears
She marvelled at his bright and pleated scales,
And found his discourse natural as the breeze.

All was brand-new, and she was curious
For freckled mushrooms, waterfalls and fur,
And every candid petal, coloured stone;
Dazed by the tangled beauty could not choose;
Adoring every vein and every hair
She thought God's love as general as her own.

So Eve. And Adam's eyes already turned
To foresight. He would puzzle from the clouds
News of a falling chill or the wind's change,
Would ask the raving comets why they burned,
Call echoes from the silence of the woods,
Dig up new herbs, and joy to find them strange.

Sure, she was all too near the wanton earth,
Too like the breeze that visits everywhere,
And he too thirsty for the shifting sky.
Perhaps it had to be. It was their worth—
They drank it from the uncorrupted air—
To love, to wonder, and to disobey.

She never understood why she would cry
For hurts she had not felt—beyond all sense
These mother's griefs, and blood upon the ground.
He never told her of the night he lay
Beside her warm and breathing innocence
And dreamed a face, tortured and mocked and crowned.

GRAHAM HOUGH

Uniting Races in Mauritius

By SIR HILARY BLOOD

IN the room where I work in the Royal Commonwealth Society I have a map of Mauritius—one of those rather gay, coloured charts meant to attract tourists; it has little illustrations of people and places, and of various activities in and around the island. There is a picture of Surcouf the pirate, of La Bourdonnais, the great French Governor, and of the famous—but I am afraid mythical—Paul and Virginie. There are sugar factories and the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Port Louis, and the town hall at Curepipe. And while you do not, as in some other maps, find such legends as 'Here be dragons' or 'The country of the Moorish Tribes', because there are no dragons in Mauritius nor Moorish tribes, there is a picture of the dodo, which did in fact live in the marshes and woods of this island until the end of the seventeenth century.

But no map—and no picture either—can give any idea of the sheer beauty of Mauritius. This was the thing which, during my years as Governor there, came as a constant surprise and delight. Round the coasts it is the typical tropic island, sheltered by a coral reef against which the Indian Ocean breaks and boils up into spray, turning all colours of the rainbow in the blazing sun. Inside the reef the land is broken up into a succession of bays and inlets washed by waters of many shades: emerald green, dark blue, or silver. Inland there is a profusion of contrasting patterns of green: the fresh green of the young sugar cane; the variegated greens of the forest. And the hills of Mauritius are as beautiful and as mysterious as their names—Morne Brabant, Corps du Gard, Rempart, Pouce, Pieter Both. They rise individually stark and rugged from the coastline, or piled up in the central range; purple, volcanic remains, and often—in the light of the evening sun—rose pink.

This beautiful island is inhabited by a most remarkable mixture of people—different races, different religions, different ways of life. Until the end of the sixteenth century the country was uninhabited. But its position, roughly halfway between the Cape and India, obviously made it a place of importance to



Le Pouce mountain, Mauritius, with the Champ de Mars racecourse below it

countries trading with India. So in 1598 the Dutch came and tried to establish a settlement; they called it Mauritius. They were in the island for 100 years but the settlement eventually failed and they gave it up and departed.

Early in the eighteenth century the French arrived. They annexed the island and called it Ile de France. French families came out and settled; they brought skilled workmen from France, and they brought slaves. France also sent many able administrators to the island, and the most outstanding of these was La Bourdonnais. He moved the capital from the old Dutch site on the east coast to its present site on the west coast; it was he who laid out Port Louis, he designed Government House and many of the other public buildings in the town. He laid out gardens; he encouraged agriculture—he was a model of what a pioneer governor should be, and he was lucky in that he had no multi-racial problem on his hands. But in the second half of the eighteenth century things went wrong. First, the French East India Company, which was responsible for Mauritius, went bankrupt at the end of the Seven Years War. Then the French Revolution had disastrous results for the island. Mauritius needed a period of stability and firm administration; instead it had three different kinds of government in twenty years. Ile de France found itself governed first by the Revolutionary Assembly in Paris; then it was left to a period of almost complete autonomy; and finally it was ruled by a nominee of Napoleon Buonaparte. Meanwhile the British Navy in the Indian Ocean blockaded the island and brought it to the verge of collapse. So the way was paved for the British landing in 1810 and for the capitulation.



Sugar cane being carried by an estate railway from fields to factory

The capitulation was signed on a table which is to this day one of the most prized articles of furniture in the Governor's residence, Le Reduit. So in little more than a century the Dutch, the French, and the British had ruled the island and each of them imported slave labour.

The next immigrants to arrive were indentured Indians—a trickle of Hindus mostly from south India—and when the Negro slaves were freed and would no longer work on the estates, this trickle became a stream. Although Indian immigration has long since ceased, people of Indian origin, who still do most of the field work, make up two-thirds of a population of over 500,000. The remaining third of the population is made up of descendants of the old French families, the Franco-Mauritian group, who are the wealthy landowning class; then there are a few Moslem traders and merchants; some Chinese, Sino-Mauritians, they are the shopkeepers and the like; there is only a handful of British—officials, planters, and a few families which have followed various occupations in the island for several generations; and then there are the black or coloured descendants of the original slaves, who are for the most part in skilled labouring jobs.

Motoring down from Le Reduit to Port Louis, or driving round the island, for every white person I saw there would be two Chinese, six or seven coloured or black, and upwards of twenty Indians; and all in an island the size of Surrey. Here is indeed a mixed society and as its component parts become politically conscious, the Governor of Mauritius is faced with the problem of how to get people of differing ways of life to work together in harmony. It is a problem which faces governors today in many of our overseas territories—especially in Africa.

When I arrived in Mauritius in 1949 this multi-racial problem had already been emphasized by the constitutional changes of 1947. This 1947 constitution provided for a Legislative Council with members elected on a broad, but not universal suffrage. As a result the next Legislature reflected the preponderance of the Hindus in the population. Although the United Kingdom Government was still responsible through the Governor for the good government of Mauritius, power had largely passed to this Hindu-dominated council. The Franco-Mauritian right-wing newspaper hysterically denounced what it called the 'Hindu danger'; on the other hand, the removal of white domination was noisily demanded by the left-wing press. Sections of the community which until now had been impotent were only too anxious to stretch and flex the newly developed sinews and muscles of political power without much regard to the consequences.

But although the multi-racial question was acute there was, to my mind, an even more fundamental problem—the economic problem. It is difficult to maintain social harmony—still more inter-racial harmony—in a poor country. The economy of Mauritius depends on the sugar industry, for sugar was the all-important crop, virtually the only crop. This dependence on a single crop is dangerous, but we were lucky in Mauritius because the sugar-cane breeder, the planter and the sugar manufacturer, really do know their jobs. For example, the research station had bred a new cane which was to increase considerably the yield of sugar per acre. This cane had the unromantic name of '134/32', but it did all that was expected of it. Its success in the field was matched by vastly increased factory efficiency, and the Common-

wealth Sugar Agreement guaranteed 'reasonably remunerative prices' for a continuing period. So our sugar production rose, and with it the national wealth of Mauritius went slowly but steadily up, and the government share of that wealth steadily grew, so that money was available for increased expenditure on education, health, social services, and so on. It was not a welfare state as we know it here: but things did get done. Schools were built, and the children attending them were given a daily milk and yeast ration; malaria was brought under control: health centres were created; housing schemes began; an old-age pensions scheme was introduced, and so on.

At the same time as material wealth was increasing I was trying to get leaders of the different parts of the community to think in terms of Mauritius, not in terms of their own race; in other words, to develop a Mauritian nationalism. 'Nationalism' is not always a popular concept in these days; we cannot but be suspicious of it in many of its forms. But I am not now referring

to expansive nationalism based on exaggerated national pride. The kind of national feeling we tried to foster was that a man was a Mauritian first and foremost and not primarily a Hindu or a Franco-Mauritian or a coloured Mauritian. It was extraordinary on how many questions there was common agreement if you could persuade the political leaders of the various sections of the community to sit down together and talk things over in private. This was just what used to happen in my Executive Council. We sat week after week in one of the smaller rooms of the building which



A modern primary school in a village in the Black River district of Mauritius being visited by government officials

La Bourdonnais had designed and built as Government House in Port Louis—Franco-Mauritians, Indian-Mauritians, coloureds, and myself. As we discussed and argued there started to emerge the faint beginnings of Mauritian national feeling: a delicate sprout liable to die right back when the heat of argument was too great or the soil of controversy too sour.

Much has happened since then. The first general election was held on the basis of universal suffrage about a year ago: Ministers have been appointed—I met three of them last month—and the people of the island are taking a much greater part in running their own internal affairs. Mauritian national feeling has recognizably grown, fostered by these responsible Ministers, encouraged by much closer co-operation between Government and governed. But it started in those days nearly ten years ago, or at least I like to think that it did.

I believed during those years, and I am sure now, that the problems which arise from the political development of the mixed society in Mauritius are soluble. Time, experience, and growth of inter-sectional respect will remove most of those difficulties, provided (and it is a chief proviso) that the economic problem is solved. This is the problem of the rapid growth of population in a country whose limited size severely restricts the possible extent of agricultural development. I used to put it in this way: if 500,000 tons of sugar produce sufficient national wealth to provide modest social services for half a million people, you will not be able to provide for one million people on the same amount of sugar. That is the real difficulty, and that is the problem which the Government of Mauritius, now much more politically advanced and experienced than in my time, has still to solve if it is to develop internal self-government to the full.

—Home Service

The Romantic Expectation

By ERICH HELLER

IMAGINE somebody asking: Which is the most Romantic picture in the exhibition of paintings from 'the Romantic Movement'?* It is an unanswerable question, and he who asks it is yet another victim of that tyrannically muddled category 'Romantic'. 'Most Romantic'—is it that which allows the imagination the greatest freedom? But nobody was more anxious to distinguish the lawful imagination from the licentious fancy than Coleridge. Or is it that which most indulges the tumultuous emotions? But Wordsworth insisted upon recollecting them in tranquillity. Or that which is most inimical to the classical clarity of form? But what excellence of formal composition was achieved by Romantic painters, and how articulate were the theorists of Romanticism in working out the principles, genres and forms of literature! Or is it that which hankers with the greatest reactionary zeal after the splendours of the past? But Romanticism will be for ever linked with the French Revolution, liberation was one of its meanings: the setting free of the affections, the individual, the feminine and the child-like; Romantics lived in exile, banished seekers of freedom, innovators and rebels against the upholders of traditional authority.

Is it, then, that which most champions the rights of the individual vision? But Romantic is also the belief in the goodness of the communal life and in vigorously maintained nationhood. Or is it that which is most eagerly abandoned to the irrational passivity of dreams? But Friedrich Schlegel, godfather of German Romanticism, was wide awake and heaped reflection upon reflection, Novalis was the first analytically to probe the unconscious, and Schelling, that inadequately acknowledged German legislator of Coleridge, credited the whole of Nature with an obsessive desire for consciousness. And where is the dreamer who would sleep through the intellectual alarms raised by Romantic Irony? Has anyone ever dreamt ironically?

Which, then, is the most Romantic picture in the Tate Gallery? As it might seem to some that the splendid exhibition of Romantic Art is inspired by the belief that *everybody* is a Romantic (a belief probably less mistaken than it sounds), I decided that Caspar David Friedrich was the most Romantic painter on view. Would it make sense to single out Friedrich's 'Wanderer in the Mountains' as the most Romantic picture?

Perhaps. One might—at the risk of being unfashionable—talk for instance about the subject-matter of the painting. The wanderer—there he stands, above a sea of mist, a man alone, face to face with Nature. Nothing touches him, except the wind which

ruffles his hair. Wherever he came from, he must have wandered through the night, for only now, as he has reached this mountain-top, the sun is rising. Turning his back upon the spectator and the spectator's world (as do so many figures of Friedrich's), he gazes upon majesty. To judge by his stature, the colour of his hair, and his costume, he may be Goethe himself, the traveller through the Harz mountains, contemplating that divinity whom the great

poem 'Harzreise im Winter' invokes:

*Aber den Einsamen hüll
In deine Goldwocken!
Umgib mit Wintergrün,
Bis die Rose wieder heranreift,
Die feuchten Haare,
O Liebe, deines Dichters!*

We do not know whether Caspar David Friedrich, in painting his picture, had Goethe's poem in mind, but we can be sure that he knew it. It may be entirely accidental that the most striking colours in both the poem and the painting are green, the glow of gold and the hue of roses. What is not accidental is the identity of the theme: the wanderer and his loneliness, the lowlands of life covered with sightless mists and only the highest elevations of Nature, with Man in their centre, clearly silhouetted against the radiance of sun and sky. It is not accidental because it obeys the laws of Romanticism. Man and Nature, the soul and the landscape—at no other time were more intense relations formed between these two, or more intimacies exchanged between the human heart and the beauty, the grandeur, the awfulness, felt to be invested in the earth,

sea, and sky; at no other time was the 'pathetic fallacy' less fallacious: Nature was *heard* to speak the language of the passions; and therefore a German Romantic could say that landscape painting was closer to music than to the plastic arts, and Caspar David Friedrich himself that it was a 'pure impulse of the soul' which took on concrete shape in a picture—in a landscape painting. A wanderer, a picturesque assembly of mountains, a lone pilgrimage through night and mists, the yearning for the unknown, for the heights, for the blue flower, the never-ending, never-realized dream of some tremendous ultimate fulfilment: it surely is the essence of Romanticism. This seems as irrefutable as everything that is shatteringly commonplace. Nobody will deny it.

Nobody? Look at another painting of Friedrich's (which is not in the exhibition): 'The Evening'. No cutting adrift there from the contented harbour, no superhuman gesture to break the peace; what dominates the foreground as the most striking element in the composition, large and firm in its material reliability, is certainly no symbol of Nature or of titanic restlessness and uprootedness.



'Wanderer in the Mountains', by Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840)

It is an anchor. Or look at another celebrated painting of German Romanticism, at Runge's group of children, known as the 'Hülsebeck Children'. How well brought-up they are! No unruly longings seem to be implanted in their souls, and nothing less disorganizing than a progressive school could ever turn them into Romantic tramps, or render them good for nothing on earth, good only for the Romantic infinite. Like the flowers that surround them, they are immune from the demonic urges that drive the wanderer to heights beyond the mists. Their virtues and their failings will be those of the inward soul and will find their expression in the square world defined by the garden fence, which is as telling here as is the anchor in Friedrich's 'The Evening'. Which, then, is the most Romantic picture?

Picture Hung Upside-down

It has been said, rather extravagantly, that Caspar David Friedrich is, among all the painters of the Romantic Movement, the most 'modern', indeed that he is a forerunner of what it has become a habit to call 'abstract painters'. Such assessment might receive mild support from the fact that he was probably the first European painter to whom it ever happened that a picture of his was hung upside-down; and Goethe who, on the whole, was favourably disposed towards this artist, was so infuriated by some of Friedrich's pictures that he—and he was no born iconoclast—wanted to knock them to pieces on the edge of his table. 'A symptom of the perversity of the age', he called them; and whenever Goethe used such language, we can be sure that it was in defence of Nature and in counter-attacking an offender who had injured her three-dimensional concreteness through some mathematical infamy of abstraction.

The picture that was suspended the wrong way, or that outraged the natural man in Goethe, was certainly not our 'Wanderer', but even here the drive towards an almost abstract formalism is obvious; and the particular quality of the painting springs from the clash, the felt tension, between its tempestuously poetic and ecstatic theme and the geometrical regularity of its execution; between the merging of Man with Nature, the misty oneness of all things, of which it speaks, and the linear and graphic accents of its speech, articulating every object within its unyielding contours; between, on the one hand, the depth of vision and sentiment; and, on the other, the craftsman's loyalty to the rectangular flatness of the canvas. Light and shade are used not so much to suggest prominences and recessions in space as to produce the effect of silhouettes; no different manner of applying colour distinguishes between the varying materials of rock, air, velvet, or body; the sky consists in parts of unbroken, exactly drawn parallel lines; and the diagonals of the canvas meet with absolute precision in the small of the back of the green vertical foreground figure in its incongruously formal dress. It is as if the 'tall rock', 'the mountain and the deep and gloomy wood', which were to the young Wordsworth a mere 'appetite, a feeling and a love', had at last been charmed by thought, by—in his words—'a sense sublime/ Of something far more deeply interfused'—and as if this thought and sense were the spirit of geometrical abstraction, a Pythagorean pattern, an ordered transparency.

The Odd Transcendentalists

No, the pictures of Caspar David Friedrich, which one could hang this way or that way without much upsetting their mathematical design, were not to Goethe's liking. They were too abstract for the man who in the sight of a single concrete crab on the sands of the Lido was overcome by a sensation of truth and existence incomparably greater than any to be found in the sublime mathematical thought of the Newtonian universe. Wanderer or no wanderer, and even if he painted something vaguely recalling the 'Harzreise im Winter'—Friedrich's pictures were far too Romantic, too 'transcendental'; and Goethe much disliked his Romantics and their transcendental philosophers. 'The Germans', he said, 'will look very odd to themselves once they wake up to the fact that for twenty years now they have done nothing but transcend'. And odd they did look. Yet it is none the less correct to say that Goethe was, by his very intellectual constitution, blessedly incapable of understanding the serious occasion of German Romantic transcendentalism.

Why, then, did I call Friedrich's painting of the Wanderer the most Romantic? Not, or not only, because of its 'most Romantic' theme; but because of the opposites which come together in it: the vital and the abstract, an appetite of the soul and a geometrical design, the intimation of a dream and the submission to rational order, an ecstasy and a definition. In other words: I have called it 'most Romantic' because it is, in a German Romantic sense, ironic. Friedrich Schlegel once defined Romantic Irony as the clear consciousness of the ceaselessly active turmoil of life, of its infinitely rich chaos; and Schelling placed at the very centre of his *System of Transcendental Idealism* the idea, already strikingly Hegelian, that Nature was nothing but the 'Odyssey of Mind', Mind in pursuit of its own reflection, shining, as if through semi-transparent mists, through the sensuous appearances of the world, just as meaning shines through words—Mind, Absolute Consciousness: 'the promised land of the imagination'.

Thus Schelling; and it sounds like an enterprise of the imagination, not only romantically but tragically ironic. For would the fulfilment of this vast rational aspiration, would this permanent daylight of consciousness not abolish the imagination, or at least rob it of any significance it still has in the civilized society of man? Would the imagination, which has so passionately courted consciousness and self-awareness, not die a *Liebestod* at the very moment it attains its goal? Hegel, in whom Romantic idealism reached its climax and went beyond itself, was convinced it would. Under the rule of absolute consciousness and rationality—and the world, he believed, had arrived on the threshold of their dominion—there would be no place for the imagination, for poetry or for art. From then onwards the history of the world would be written in continuous prose: in lucid prose, it is true, more lucid than his own, but in prose all the same. 'Art', he said, 'is and will remain a thing of the past'—unless, he added, it miraculously rises above the historical necessity and creates 'out of its own pure self' something which he called 'absolute poetry'.

Coming to Terms with Two Extremes

An excess of Teutonic speculation? An acrobatic exercise in historical abstraction? Not in the very slightest! Although it is all part and parcel of a grandiose and grandiosely impossible metaphysical system, it springs from a profound grasp of a historical occasion—the very occasion with which Goethe would not and could not concern himself too much. Few historical predictions have ever come truer: the course of European literature, ever since German Romanticism, has been determined by Hegel's two extremes: the attempt to come to terms with the rational demands of the age, through realism, naturalism, psychology, irony, parody (in Thomas Mann's sense), anti-illusionism (in the sense of Bertolt Brecht), and even the absurdity of anti-art (in the sense of Dada); or else the ambition to divorce the creative imagination altogether from the conditions, attitudes, thoughts, and truths of the rationally comprehended 'real world', and allot to the 'pure self' of art a sphere all its own—the Hegelian sphere of 'absolute poetry'.

It has been said again and again that Romanticism was a rebellion of the imagination against the ever more arrogant claims of rationality, or an insurrection of sensibility against the autocratic reason. This simple belief looks like a village idiot as soon as it is brought into the sophisticated company of the first German Romantics, those exceedingly learned men, great poetical talents, transcendental speculators and impassioned synthesizers of all separate categories. Friedrich Schlegel was certainly concerned with the threatened falling apart of imagination and rationality, but he kindled no war between them. He wished to play the role of an honest broker, indeed a marriage-broker: the two must become one. For he believed that everything that can be done as long as the poetic and the rational remain separate 'has already been done'.

'Thus', he wrote, 'the time has arrived to unite them'. And further: 'The whole history of modern poetry is a running commentary on the brief text of our philosophy: every art is to turn into a science, every science is to turn into an art. Poetry and philosophy must be fused'. What he believed we need,

and what will come to pass, is 'universal poetry', within which we shall respond to a scientifically explored world as if it were an untractable mystery, and to the mysterious as if it were the latest conquest of our intelligence. He had much to say of a new mythology which would restore to health the sick body of modern literature. But he knew that it had to be a mythology very different from the ancient myths, those 'first flowers of a youthful imagination': for it would emerge, like Athene from the brain of Zeus, as an incarnation of the most abstract ideas—those of transcendental idealism. The future will belong to a higher 'realism', which will resolve the conflict between, on the one hand, passion and imagination, and on the other, philosophical and scientific analysis. The heart will at last give its consent to the findings of reason.

Such were the expectations of Friedrich Schlegel, of a most 'modern' mind, well-versed in the depressions of unbelief, the starvations of feeling, the anaemias of the doubting intelligence, promising to himself that well-being and abundance of heart and imagination which he, the erudite and perceptive philologist, sensed in the poetry of the ancients. Yet he expected this not from some wilful obscurantism or withdrawal of reason, but as the miraculous harvest of sustained rational exploration. It is a promise in which reckless hope and reckless irony are strangely mingled. Its preordained terminus may well be the Catholic Church or nihilism. Be this as it may, its legacy has come to many a Romantic wanderer, setting out into the abstractly composed, intellectually calculated, wildly alluring infinitude of the soul.—*Third Programme*

The Testimony of Stones

By D. M. LEWIS

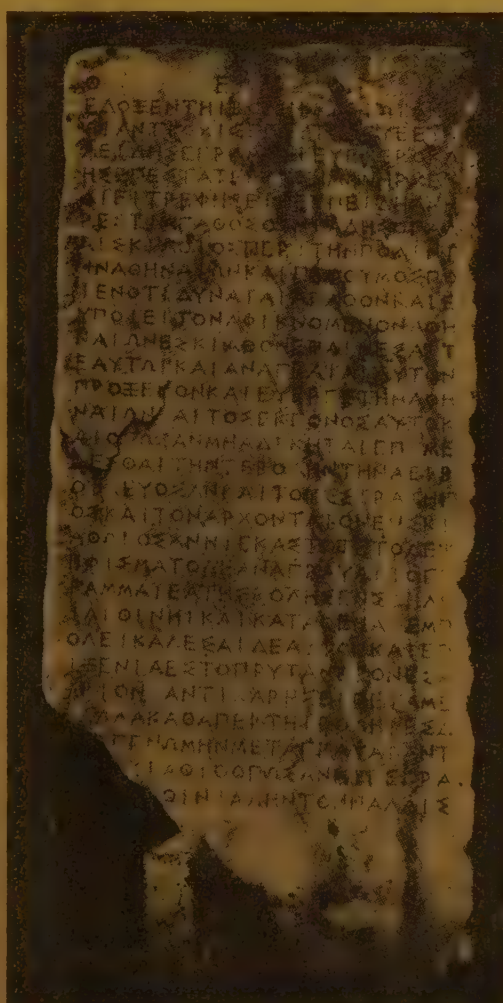
IN *The Study of Greek Inscriptions** Mr. A. G. Woodhead has provided us with the first manual on Greek epigraphy in English for over fifty years. Epigraphy is the study of inscriptions, mostly those on stone. Greek epigraphy, as conventionally defined, covers all the countries of the Mediterranean and the Near East, from the late eighth century B.C. to, say, the fifth century A.D. Within this area, with the exception of Egypt, inscriptions engraved on stone form our only documentary evidence; but fortunately the Greek wish for permanence and publicity has led to the survival of documents of widely differing types. Athens alone has about 20,000 surviving inscriptions, ranging from grave-stones with a single name to financial accounts of 5,000 words.

A great deal has happened in the study of Greek inscriptions in the last fifty years, and an up-to-date guide was much needed. It has been provided for us with all the skill that we would expect from the editor of *Supplementum Epigraphicum Graecum*, the annual publication that keeps scholars up to date with all the new inscriptions and all the work done on old ones which appears in a hundred-odd periodicals and numerous books. In the last century Dr. Jowett's seventy pages in his translation of Thucydides of throwing cold water on the enthusiasm of the first great age of epigraphical work, ended with the conclusion that 'it is to the higher study of the mind of Hellas and of her great men that we must return, finding some little pleasure by the way (like that of looking at an autograph) in deciphering the handwriting of her children amid the dust of her ruins'. There is a world of difference between this and the flat statement

of the latest English editor of Thucydides that the value of inscriptions is 'incalculable'.

It is not only the scholar preoccupied with understanding a historical author or the historian of politics and great events who finds help and instruction in Greek inscriptions. The textual critic finds contemporary evidence for vocabulary, usage, and spelling which helps him to purify the text provided for him by his medieval manuscripts. The historian of Greek drama and theatre-production must take note of the vast mass of records of dramatic festivals, lists of plays, playwrights, and actors. The historian of religion must by now find the bulk of his material in a considerable quantity of cult-regulations and sacred laws. The economic historian would be helpless without the rents, wages, and prices provided for him by inscriptions. Law, architecture, ship-construction; it is hard to find an aspect of Greek life where inscriptions do not make a contribution of importance, though I would not claim that they helped much on anything but the externals of the life of the philosopher.

Thucydides sketches the rise of Athens from being a leader among equals to being the tyrant-city with a great empire. The inscriptions fill in the picture. Step by step, we can trace the nature of the settlements imposed on revolted and disaffected allies, scrutinize the wording of the oaths that they were called upon to swear—to be loyal, to obey, to denounce malcontents, even (a touch of 1984 in this) to love the Athenians. We can watch the rise and fall of the tribute imposed on them, and thus deduce crises which have left no mark on our literary sources; and we can watch Athens's response and her introduction of new measures of repression and organization. We can measure Athens's finances and plot year by year (and sometimes week by week) the depletions that the strain of war made on the capital reserve built up by Pericles from the taxation of the allies. We can see how Athens in 425 attempted to meet that strain by



An Athenian decree in honour of Oeniades of Sciathus, 408-407 B.C. Right: fragments, pieced together, of an Athenian decree of Miletus, 430-449 B.C.

(continued on page 284)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

August 12-18

Wednesday, August 12

The strike at the Morris motor factory at Cowley is settled after negotiations at the Ministry of Labour

Demonstrations against the admission of Negro children mark the reopening of the high schools of Little Rock, Arkansas, after being closed for a year by Governor Faubus

Thursday, August 13

A state of emergency is declared in the flooded areas of Austria

Another American earth satellite is launched—the fifth of a kind sent up to test methods of sending man into outer space and back

India protests to China about official anti-Indian propaganda

Friday, August 14

The Cuban Government claims that it has seized an aircraft loaded with arms intended for a counter-revolution

Princess Alexandra arrives in Canberra to start her tour of Australia

Governor Faubus of Little Rock announces he will appeal to the Supreme Court against a ruling that the Arkansas laws against racial integration are unconstitutional

Saturday, August 15

President Eisenhower accepts an invitation from the Queen to stay at Balmoral during his visit to Britain later this month

Archbishop Makarios condemns as 'traitors and criminals' people in Cyprus who are trying to resume the fight for union with Greece

H.R.H. Princess Anne celebrates her ninth birthday

Sunday, August 16

Jordan and the United Arab Republic resume diplomatic relations which were broken off a year ago

Police open fire on rioting Africans during disturbance in Southern Natal

The United States wins the Wightman Cup, beating Great Britain by four matches to three

Monday, August 17

Seven parliamentary members of the South African United Party, the official Opposition, resign after a disagreement over policy

The situation in Laos is discussed in London by Mr. Malik, Soviet Ambassador, and Mr. J. Profumo, Minister of State

Tuesday, August 18

A wide area of the north-west United States is shaken by an earthquake

Oil and natural gas discovered in the Yukon

Demand for a review of the powers of chief constables is made by Nottingham Labour Party



Some of the worst floods in living memory swept through Austria last week after several days of thunderstorms and torrential rain. This photograph shows the rapidly rising river Salzach in Salzburg, one of the worst affected areas, where two bridges were swept away and about 1,000 people had to be evacuated. Nine people are known to have lost their lives in the floods



J. Gronowski of Poland clearing thirteen feet six inches to win the pole-vault event during the athletics match against Great Britain at White City last weekend. Poland won both the men's and women's events



Work in progress on the construction of a seven-mile pipeline which will link Italy with northern Europe; the view by Italian and French engineers. It is hoped to open the pipeline seen in the photograph carries fresh water to the depths of the mountain



America's latest atomic submarine 'Skipjack' arriving at Portland on August 14 for a four-day visit. On board during her voyage across the Atlantic was Commander B. Samborne of the Royal Navy, who will command Britain's first nuclear submarine, 'Dreadnought', now under construction

Right: visitors to Hulton's Boys and Girls Exhibition at Olympia watching the launching of a model of the liner 'Pretoria Castle'. The exhibition ends on Saturday



Dr. Fidel Castro, Prime Minister of Cuba (left), talking to two of his officers after a television broadcast on August 14 in which he said that a plot by the Dominican Republic to overthrow his Government had been broken by a scheme of counter-espionage



A recent acquisition by the ceramics department of the Victoria and Albert Museum: an eighteenth-century vase decorated in 'chinoiserie' style, one of the few surviving examples of porcelain made at the Capodimonte factory, founded in 1743 by King Charles of Naples



Boats trapped in a thick growth of water-hyacinth at the Jebel Aulia dam on the White Nile near Khartoum. The plant, which has spread rapidly within the last two months, is solid enough to walk on; men are seen (left) spraying it with weed-killer in an effort to check the growth

(continued from page 281)

doubling and trebling the allied tributes. Finally, we can see that Aristophanes's calls in the *Lysistrata* to give the allies a stake in the empire were not merely comic and visionary, for an inscription shows how, at the last and too late, Athens thanked the Samians who stood by her to the end and voted 'that the Samians should be Athenians, having whatever constitution they wished', joining in peace-making, joining in embassies, using the Athenian ships in Samos as they saw fit.

Immediacy and Detail

Inscriptions also give a clarity, an immediacy, to things we do know. This is of two kinds. First, they are not only contemporary with the events, they are tangible. One can read of the despatch of the Sicilian expedition in the nicely printed pages of a modern Thucydides; but there is an added reality in handling or seeing photographs of the stone on which the decision was recorded at the time. It is one thing to read Aristotle's bald statement that Pericles' father was ostracized, and another to have before one the bit of pot on which an enemy of his was moved to inscribe not merely the name of his victim, as was customary, but a couplet in which he recorded his conviction in verse that Xanthippus was far the worst of all the cursed leaders.

Secondly, the epigraphic evidence provides us with detail, and detail is always realistic. We know from literary sources that Alcibiades had luxurious tastes and that his property was put up for sale at his fall, but it is pleasant to have the sale-catalogue of all his imported furniture, his twelve Milesian beds, one of which had a head and a foot, his yellow wool and his full pillows; it is pleasant to wonder how one household could have accumulated so many wine jars.

Much work has to be done to make inscriptions usable: first, in simple piecing together. The stone which records the tribute paid by Athens's allies from 453 to 442 once stood and now stands again 11 feet 8 inches high, 3 feet 7 inches wide and 1 foot 2 inches thick, and it is composed of 180 pieces. The decree for the assessment of 425 is composed of forty-four pieces, and the various blocks recording the sale of the property of Alcibiades and his associates have had to be built up from sixty-six pieces. This involves, first, a great deal of skill in recognition of the relevant fragments, and finally a giant three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle. It is perhaps in this field that the greatest progress has been made in the last fifty years, under the lead of the great American school, who have learnt and taught the lesson that inscriptions are written on *solid* pieces of stone and that valuable information can be lost by considering only the inscribed surface.

Secondly, one has to read what is on the stone, and this is not always easy. Those who can see the actual stone have to face problems of lighting, and these are not always easy to solve when one is dealing with a lump of marble weighing a hundredweight or so in a dark corner of a museum. One may have to meet the problems of a foot-worn stone by hoping that concoctions of charcoal and water will catch in what remains of the cutting. Scholars in their studies (and not everyone can be in Greece or the relevant museum all the time) find varying

merits in the use of photographs and impressions, professionally called squeezes, made with wet filter-paper or liquid rubber. But self-discipline is needed here. We are trying to read what is on the stone, and it is fatally easy to let interpretation run ahead of reading and to come to believe, after anxious peering, that what one thinks ought to have been inscribed is actually still visible.

Lastly comes interpretation, and this includes the vexed problem of restoration. It is much disputed how far one should make suggestions as to what is in the lost part of an inscription. In many cases, the presence of set official formulae makes it possible to infer the original length of a line now broken and to build up substantial texts from small fragments. Of course, what can be thus built up will consist largely of well-known formulae. What is new in the inscription will be non-formulaic and hence not easily recoverable. But scholars are human and tend to find overpowering the temptation to guess at the drift of even the most fragmentary inscription. In favourable cases, the possibilities restrict themselves in a satisfactory way, and some restorations, apparently extremely speculative, have been known to commend themselves to other scholars competent to judge, and some have even been confirmed by the subsequent appearance of a missing fragment.

Danger for the Non-specialist

There is danger here for the non-specialist. Some are over-sceptical; they observe that the text as finally published is composed to a large extent of words within the square brackets of restoration, and so they ignore it altogether without reading the arguments with which the original editor has endeavoured to support his restorations. A larger number, on the other hand, ignore the editor's qualifications, the alternative possibilities which he has suggested and the cautions which he has put in his commentary, and proceed to use the text as restored as if it were transmitted truth and to build conjecture on conjecture.

Mr. Woodhead is acutely aware of this particular danger, but he makes too much of it, I think. An elaborate system of conventional signs exists to show the reader what is on the stone and what is not, and most people do write an elaborate commentary to explain the reasoning which has led them to their restorations. I would feel inclined to the view of a scholar of an earlier generation who proclaimed: 'My publications of inscriptions are for grown-ups, and people who do not know the meaning of square brackets should stay away from them'.

Mr. Woodhead uses the word 'epigraphist' fairly frequently, and he is liable to speak as if an epigraphist were a distinct class of person. In his introduction, for example, he asks: 'What is the province of the epigraphist on the one hand, and of the historian or the scholar in any of the fields which epigraphy may be said to "serve", on the other?' He proceeds to discuss the question and finally accepts the view that the epigraphist should not undertake the historian's work for him, though he may indicate the general lines on which a historian may work from an inscription.

Mr. Woodhead does not question his dichotomy between the epigraphist and the historian. We must, however, ask whether the epigraphist is a distinct specialist. As soon as the scholar

starts thinking about the content of his inscription, he is outside the area of pure epigraphy. He will stop thinking as an epigraphist and start thinking as a historian of politics, economics, religion, or whatever. Anyone undertaking to publish an inscription may have to find his way about many different subjects, but so may an editor of a whole author or, much more so, an editor of papyri.

Why, after all, should we stress the medium through which facts and texts are transmitted? There may be circumstances in which individuals are faced with texts of all types whose only unity is that they are inscribed on stone. For instance, they may have undertaken to publish all the inscriptions from a particular site or area, or, worse, a particular museum; or, like Mr. Woodhead, they may have undertaken the ungrateful but necessary task of recording all publications of all Greek inscriptions everywhere. But the rest of us can be more selective, and there is no reason why we should limit ourselves to texts written on stone. I myself do a good deal of work on Athenian inscriptions of the fourth century, but what goes most naturally with these is not late epitaphs from Anatolia, or Hellenistic dedications from northern Greece, but the speeches of the Athenian orators of the period. There is nothing abnormal about such a grouping of interests, and the number of people who have confined themselves entirely to inscriptions just because they are inscriptions has always been small.

So it seems to me that to attempt to classify scholars into epigraphists and historians is not very useful. It is true that difficulties create departmentalization, but it is equally true that departmentalization creates difficulties; worse still, it creates mysteries. Scholars get into trouble because they do not know enough about the nature of their evidence. In the case of epigraphy, they do not always know enough about the ways in which the primary publication of a stone can go wrong. Sometimes such scholars have complained that the phraseology of an inscription is curt and obscure without it occurring to them that an epigraphical error has hopelessly miscalculated the size of the stone and thus the length of the lines. Mr. Woodhead's book will help them to greater sophistication and a greater readiness to take part in mysteries which are not all that mysterious.

Epigraphy, a vital study

What is much more frequent and seems to me much less excusable is that the plea of not being an epigraphist is extended to excuse the use of texts many years out of date through sheer failure to inquire whether better texts have been published. Epigraphical bibliographies are better than most, and there seems to be little excuse for not using them. If to consult bibliographies is to be an epigraphist, every classical scholar whose work involves inscriptions should certainly be his own epigraphist.

Mr. Woodhead finishes by calling on more scholars to enter the field of epigraphy; I would prefer to see scholars ceasing to talk of the field of epigraphy and coming to realize that every branch of classical scholarship involves inscriptions and they may have to know how to use them.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

The Athenian decree reproduced on page 281 (left) is from *Stoichedon Style*, by R. P. Austin (Clarendon Press); the fragments (right) are from Mr. Woodhead's book.

'Oui, Madame, mais . . .'

By DARRELL BATES

WHEN I was seventeen I was sent to live with a Russian family in Paris. The idea, as far as my mother was concerned, was to improve my French. I suspect, however, that my father, who arranged it, thought that I was a rather young seventeen in some ways and that the combination of Paris and a Russian family might do me a lot of good all round.

At about six o'clock on a wet September evening I was deposited by a taxi outside a thin and rather shabby slice of a house which leant a little over a large cobbled square. With my suitcase in one hand and a sensation of icicles and mouse traps inside I pressed the bell. It sounded and felt as if it had not rung for years. I knocked. I knocked a bit louder. After what seemed a very long time the sound of a slow, almost furtive creak drifted down through the drizzle and looking up I saw the shutters of a window opening. Then the window itself was opened and from it emerged the angular, bearded face of an El Greco Christ. After a pause of scrutiny, there came a stream of completely incomprehensible words. Was this, I thought in panic, how they spoke French in France?

From inside the room a deep contralto assisted in blissfully slow and simple 'O'-level French: 'He says, "Pull the cord"'.

It seemed impossible that the luxuriant verbosity of the bearded face could be compressed into so few prosaic words. I pulled the cord and with a protesting groan the door opened.

At the top of the stairs, waiting for me to ascend, was an old lady in a lace cap and a dressing-gown. She said: 'You are the young Englishman? Did you have a good journey? Are you hungry? Would you like something to drink?'

I said, '*Oui, madame, mais . . .*' 'Your room', she explained, 'is, I am desolated to tell you, at the top of the house. When you have rested from your voyage we will have some tea, Russian tea'. She extended her hand to me. I felt somehow that I ought to kiss it. I couldn't quite bring myself to do that so I took it with both hands and said 'Thank you'. She smiled graciously and with a slow swirl of a very patched dressing-gown she disappeared into her room.

I climbed three flights of uncarpeted stairs. On a small landing there were two doors. One was ajar, so I pushed it open and went in. On a green divan there was something female asleep. It wore a rather pretty fur cap over a tumble of carrot hair, and an eiderdown, and not, it

seemed at a somewhat fleeting glance, much else. I shut the door as quietly and as quickly as I could. The other room, to my great relief, was empty, except for an unmade iron bed, a beautiful walnut chest-of-drawers, and an ikon. I never asked and was never told who my neighbour was.

'*J'y suis*', I said to myself. It sounded fluent,



apt, and sophisticated in the solitude of my attic. My interrupted sentence downstairs had sounded terrible.

Later in the evening I met the family. Tea was being exuded in drips from a hissing contraption in the corner and it was served in flat cups with a slice of lemon. Everyone smoked: everyone, that is, except the Prince, who was the El Greco I had seen at the window. He sat in a chair with his back to the rest of the company, staring at the wall. When I was presented to him, he just nodded his head, and then, closing his eyes, he dismissed me.

'He doesn't speak French and he thinks always of the past', they explained. The only time he ever spoke to me was to ask if I played chess. I often played with him after that, but all he ever said was 'Check', and that happened, I am afraid, with almost indecent frequency.

Then there was the Princess. By this time she was dressed. She was about sixty, I suppose, with the erect slim figure of a girl, and I loved her dearly. She smoked continuously. When she

was short of money, which was also almost always, she smoked Gauloises, but she preferred black Russian cigarettes with gold tips, and whenever I could I would give her some as a present. When I did that she would kiss me on both cheeks and cry.

I was never quite sure how many people actually lived in the house all the time: there were always so many visitors. There was a younger sister of the Princess who worked in a milliner's. There was a cousin, who was only a Grand Duke, who drove a taxi; and there was Alexis, who was a Grand Duke but not a cousin, who was the cook. There was a daughter who was dark and untidy and rebellious, and who sometimes slept on a sofa in the salon. She was by way of being a Radical but she never let any of the family know this because, as she said, 'It would make them unhappy, and, besides, if they knew, I couldn't very well sleep and eat here when I run out of money'. She worked sporadically at a wide variety of jobs. When I first arrived she was a cook's help at a Greek restaurant, and when I left she was collecting tickets on the Metro. Her name, of course, was Natasha.

When I woke up next morning I was faced with a difficult question. I had forgotten to ask, as all good Englishmen should, when breakfast was. Being a bit shy and keen to do the right thing I didn't want to arrive much too early or much too late. At about eight I went down on tip-toe, but as the stairs creaked that did me no good. There was no sign or sound of anyone, so I went upstairs again. I left my door open to listen. I tried again at eight-thirty and again at nine. By this time I was desperate for coffee and something to eat, so, armed with a key given to me by the Princess and my knowledge of the cord at the door, I went off and had some coffee and rolls at a café in the Boulevard. At about half-past ten I went back to the house and there was still no sign of anyone. So I went off for the morning to the Louvre.

Next morning, having been late to bed, I came down at ten and found that everyone had breakfasted at seven. So I had breakfast in the Boulevard again. Fortunately, I have some Irish blood in me, so that eventually I came to accept and then to like this element of uncertainty. When I returned to England I regarded regular meals as a terrible bore, for a few weeks at any rate.

One evening the Princess took me to one of the Russian Orthodox churches. It was a misty autumn evening and as we crossed the cobbled square she took my arm. 'None of the men in my family go to church. They say that God let

them down over the Russian Revolution'. From the outside the church was rather like the Radcliffe Camera in Oxford and inside I could not quite shake off the feeling that I was in Euston station on a foggy night.

It was lit only with a few lamps, and it was packed with people. There seemed to be no pews or seats and everyone stood in groups gossiping. The Princess soon disappeared in a tangle of Grand Duchesses but from time to time she reappeared to clutch my arm and explain who was who. 'That'—she would point a dramatic finger—'is Prince So-and-So. Now he is sad and old and poor, the dear, but once he compromised three of my maids in one night'. The Prince was an immensely tall man with fierce angry eyes, his nose and mouth barely visible in a forest of beard. He wore a cloth cap, a faded shirt with no collar, and a pair of blue braces patched with insulating tape. Although he was over seventy he still drove a taxi and often, I was told, received fabulous tips from kind American tourists.

'And he', the Princess went on, 'used to be an Admiral. He was a fine strong man. Once he had a castle in Kharkov with over a hundred servants and now look at his shoes'.

Sometimes a priest in a long black tunic and a Makarios hat would join a group of people and talk, and there would be great gusts of laughter.

'Where is the service?' I whispered.

She took my arm and we threaded our way through the beards and shawls to the other side of the church. I could see no priests or choir, but from behind an intricately carved wooden screen came an undercurrent of sound, deep bass, slow and measured, sad and heavily laden with nostalgia. The chant drifted up through the incense into the seemingly endless vault and evaporated unnoticed.

When we came out again into the fog the Princess was crying. As we re-traced our steps across the cobbled square she said: 'Poor Russia, how sad and beautiful it was. It is as if I have already been to Heaven and now only life remains'.

Once when I was having some coffee at a cheap bar with Natasha she said: 'Mama thinks I should so comport myself that you would

desire to marry me later on. So tell me, my dear friend and comrade, will you ever be an ambassador and rich?' One of her few illusions was that all the young English who came to Paris to improve their French were ambassadors in embryo.

'No', I had to say, 'never'.

She laughed, pushing her long untidy hair away from her eyes with an elegant, calloused and nail-bitten hand. 'Good, then we need not take one another seriously. True I am a Radical at the moment, but by the time I think of getting married I shall undoubtedly be a grasping capitalist. Let us go and walk by the Seine and come home at four in the morning and make Mama hopeful and anxious—all at the same time'.

Night Haunt

We went to a haunt of hers which had been more or less appropriated by the young of the White Russian colony in Paris. None of them had any money and it had neither glitter nor toilets. In one corner there was dancing to a portable gramophone. In another a group was alternately discussing a plot to invade Russia via Kamchatka and a scheme to set up a provisional government in the highlands of British Guiana. An essential part of both was that none of the participants would be over nineteen. Natasha herself was to be Minister of Agriculture.

A girl was painting an abstract picture on a piece of sacking stretched over the seat of a wooden chair. Two young men were playing chess. Several others were asleep on benches or on the floor. Too much love and too little food was Natasha's unkind verdict.

The night before I was due to leave Paris I had arranged to take Natasha to *Rigoletto* at the opera. We had supper in the house beforehand and the occasion was graced by an uncle I had not seen there before. He was a rich uncle to some extent in that he owned a small restaurant and came in a taxi. His bald head shone with prosperity. Half way through the soup he asked me what we were going to see. I told him.

'Ah', he said, and started a sort of tumpty-tumpty-tum with his soup spoon. Soon he was conducting an imaginary orchestra. Then with a

flourish he cleared his soup plate and cutlery to the floor and said: 'That was the overture. Now the First Act: it is magnificent'.

He started to sing. From the baritone he went on to the tenor and from the tenor he went on to the soprano. We all listened and watched entranced. The soup grew colder and colder in our bowls. Cigarettes were lit in a surreptitious way as if the whole audience of the Opera House were there ready to shush and hiss at the noise of a match. The hands of the clock moved on.

At the end of Act One he wiped his bald head with an enormous handkerchief and drank half a bottle of wine without a swallow. Then 'Shush', he said to quieten the Prince who was hungry and agitating for the second course 'Act Two'.

He started with the tenor and then he stopped. 'Alexy', he shouted to the cook down in the basement, 'how does the baritone go?' Up through the open shaft of the service lift came the baritone part, deep and moving to the point of tears. I looked at Natasha and she shook her head. 'It's hopeless', I could see her mouth silently say.

The intervention from the kitchen was a great success so that for the rest of Act Two and all of Act Three the two of them took the voices in turn. The effect of the lift shaft on Grand Duke Alexy's rendering of *La Donna e mobile* was entrancing.

By the time it was over it was well after ten o'clock and Act Two at the Opera House itself had probably begun. But everybody was so happy and exhilarated that I don't think anybody except Natasha and I realized we had missed it. We slipped quietly out and spent most of the money I had reserved for the opera tickets on some bottles of wine. I took them back and gave them to the rich uncle and said: 'This is for the pleasure that you have given us all'. Everybody laughed and cried and there was much kissing and slapping of backs. Later on, Natasha and I slipped out unnoticed and drank coffee at a deserted café on the Rue Montparnasse.

'Poor Russia', she said, 'poor Russia!' And after a bit she started to cry. She said I did too, but it was only the cold November wind in my eyes.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Dangerous Driving

Sir,—I am glad that the magistrate who spoke about dangerous driving on the roads (THE LISTENER, August 6) is not satisfied with what is at present being done about it, but his own calm, judicial, and scrupulous attitude towards it will get us nowhere.

The trouble with many magistrates (even if not car owners themselves), as with others called on to deal with road offences, is that they lack imagination. All set on dealing not too harshly with the offender before them ('there but for the grace of God go I'), they overlook the misery and suffering caused to the victim and his family, so graphically and pathetically

described recently by a correspondent in *The Manchester Guardian*, a newspaper genuinely alerted to the daily holocaust.

In the same newspaper, an American driver has pointed out that over here there just do not exist the traffic police to 'be sure that people really were to blame' (as demanded by the magistrate), and that the conscienceless driver has little to fear. More often than not, I suggest, the flagrant offender (a 'killer', perhaps) gets off without a stain on his character—in fact, when the case goes no further than the coroner's court, he may not receive even a gentle warning to 'please be more careful another time'.

I am confident that road accidents could be drastically reduced, even in today's difficult circumstances, but not until all concerned—including a strangely apathetic public too prone to say of the speedster and reckless one: 'Poor chap, he didn't stand a chance'—are imbued with something of the spirit of a crusade. It is, to say the least, a little ridiculous that such rigid safety precautions should be imposed on rail and other forms of transport, but that on the roads alone, where the 'amateur' is most at large, it should remain more or less 'go as you please'.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.18

ERIC J. BATSON

A Vanishing Race

Sir,—In his talk 'The Vanishing Race' (THE LISTENER, July 16) Mr. Christopher Rilling states that 'The aborigines are not interested in housing. The few attempts there have been to house them according to minimum western standards have not been too successful. They have a tendency to tear up the floor-boards for firewood. . . .'

This may apply to the nomadic tribes of Arnhem Land but it is not true of those in the southern part of Queensland. On the reserve at Murgon, for example, all the families live in houses, many of which they built themselves. The Dental Clinic and Child Welfare Building was built by the men on the reserve, who are justly proud of their efforts. This wooden building is modern and was designed by the aborigines: it would do credit to any small town in England.

This clinic stands, fenced in its own garden, at the end of a row of neat wooden houses. The residents of the houses tend their gardens with as much pride as any dweller in the suburbs of Sydney. The only house I went into was not exactly the neatest I have seen but I have seen worse in Battersea and even Vancouver, Canada. Certainly, summer cottages in Canada are often as unkempt in appearance. The owner was proud of his home and family and delighted when I took photographs of both. I was proudly shown carving done by men on the reserve in the community hall.

Most of the young boys and men on the reserve worked on the farms belonging to the reserve; some, after serving their apprenticeship, left to work on farms many miles away. One I met spoke proudly of his daughter who had finished her schooling and was training to be a secretary; his other daughter was being trained as a nurse. My own reaction was that they were less demoralized than many tribes of Red Indians living on reserves in Canada. Certainly they do not have the status of the New Zealand Maori, but this could well be the fault of the administrators. Few people progress without a goal, and if the aborigines were given some definite goal they would no doubt work towards it, but at present no one seems to care very much what happens to them.

Australians as a whole are more restless than other members of the Commonwealth, so that they can hardly throw stones at the original inhabitants who have had far more generations of parched earth and therefore a start in the chase for greener pastures or better water holes.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

BARBARA WORTH

Trade Unions and Public Opinion

Sir,—Further to Mr. Woodcock's talk on 'Trade Unions and Public Opinion' and his letter in THE LISTENER of August 6, the question of a union member's rights *vis-à-vis* his union and, in particular, the union's ability to debar or expel a person is of far greater importance than Mr. Woodcock would have us believe. This applies with even greater force where a 'closed shop' operates.

I feel that I can do no better than quote Lord Denning's comments in *Lee v. The Showmen's Guild* (1952):

Trade unions wield powers as great as, if not greater than, any exercised by the courts of law.

They can deprive a man of his livelihood. They can ban him from the trade in which he has spent his life and which is the only trade he knows. They are usually empowered to do this for any breach of their rules which, be it noted, are rules which they impose and which he has no real opportunity of accepting or rejecting. . . . A man's right to work is just as important to him, if not more important than, his rights of property.

The strong position in which the unions now find themselves provides good grounds for their members' rights being greatly strengthened. Where a closed shop operates the workers must have more protection.—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

A. N. HUMPHREY

Sir,—Surely Mr. Woodcock has made my point for me with regard to the 'block vote'.

He writes: 'If a union were to divide 1,000,000 votes into 500,001 for and 499,999 against, its effective voting strength would be exactly one'. Exactly. But it would still count as 1,000,000 at trade union conferences.

He also writes: 'A union is a union and not merely a collection of individuals' (the italics are mine) and 'it would be a funny kind of "union" that met simply to collect individual opinions'. I suggest that this implied contempt for the individual and his opinions by the officials is another good reason for the public's growing distrust of the movement.

Yours, etc.,

Benson

D. H. EDWARDS

Lost Sleep

Sir,—Like your correspondent Mrs. Londesborough (THE LISTENER, July 16) I was a good deal surprised at the conclusions of Mr. R. T. Wilkinson (THE LISTENER, July 9).

As a consulting anaesthetist to five London hospitals I am frequently sent for during the night to anaesthetise for emergency operations. Such visits involve my driving to the hospital, examining and assessing the patient, deciding on the method of treatment appropriate to the case, and administering any resuscitation and anaesthetic which might be indicated.

I find that on these occasions I am less stuporose if called at say 2 a.m. than within an hour or so of having fallen asleep. Driving the car in the middle of the night poses few problems, for the roads are usually deserted and headlights give a good indication of approaching traffic, but I am always apprehensive that, because of being only 'half awake', my judgment might not be as acute as usual and my assessment and treatment of the case might not be as astute as it should be. I take it that Mr. Wilkinson would not be upset if I had to anaesthetise him under such conditions? But in fact I frequently find, when I come to review my decisions later, that there was some slight error of omission or commission which would not have occurred normally.

I rarely find that when I do return to bed at say 5 or 6 a.m. next morning that I am able to get any more sleep. Then follows my usual routine work, which, as I have already explained, involves driving a car through the thick of the London traffic, as well as administering treatment and anaesthetics to patients during difficult operations. The possibility of a serious traffic accident through sluggish reactions is an ever-present worry.

Can Mr. Wilkinson assure me that I am no

more likely to kill anyone, by an error of judgment while driving or while at work, after such a night of 'lost sleep' than normally? This question is of great importance both to the medical profession and to the public.

Yours, etc.,

CONSULTANT ANAESTHETIST

I Served a Maharaja

Sir,—The answer to Mr. McClean's question, whether Sir Conrad Corfield's talk (THE LISTENER, August 6) does not illustrate 'the difference of attitude of an Englishman at home and abroad' is simple. It does, but contrariwise to Mr. McClean's belief. In Surrey, law and order are taken for granted. But where they are not, and are imperilled, they must be restored before there can be progress. Mr. McClean implies that in the seventeenth century he would have been a parliamentarian whereas the Englishman abroad would not. But the justification for Cromwell's policy in Ireland was that he must first establish law and order.

Talking of history, when the 'Paramount Power' decided that Sir Conrad Corfield's Maharaja must be deposed—he was succeeded, incidentally, by his able and carefully trained son, not by 'the gentleman that Sir Conrad had imprisoned'—one of the first to protest against the deposition was Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. But that was before Mr. Nehru became an administrator.—Yours, etc.,

Haddenham

HERBERT THOMPSON

On Not Answering the Telephone

Sir,—Mr. Plomer's objection to telephones makes amusing reading, but he does not take into account that they are necessary in the business world, and that, without that world, he and I and the gatepost of other authors would be hard put to it to live. His argument would have been stronger had he drawn attention to the women who, by gabbling interminably on the telephone, prevent others from using it. As one who lives in an apartment house I speak feelingly.

He also misses, I think, the point about the typewriter. He prefers, he says, the act of writing to typing, and so, I believe, do most of us who feel that by using a pen we are in more direct contact with ourselves, and who write not primarily for the reading public but for our own satisfaction. It is, of course, a matter of individual taste and habit, but personally I find the typewriter very useful as a kind of sub-editor when copying what I have written. The double method not only saves the expense of hiring a professional typist but, more importantly, often improves the original script.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

HENRY SAVAGE

The B.B.C. in Scotland has announced a competition for writing a play about the contemporary scene for the medium of television. Prizes of £500 for a ninety-minute play and of £350 for a sixty-minute play are offered to the winners. The competition is open to all Scots, wherever they live in the United Kingdom, and to non-Scots if they live in Scotland, who have not had an original play produced on television. The plays will be judged by Miss Clemence Dane, Mr. Neil Paterson, and Mr. Donald Wilson. All entries must reach Broadcasting House, Glasgow, by December 31, 1959. Pamphlets giving full details and rules of the competition can be obtained from: B.B.C., Broadcasting House, Queen Margaret Drive, Glasgow, W.2, by enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Seventeenth-century Painting in Venice

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

THE *vaporetti* plying the Grand Canal stop conveniently at the Ca' Pesaro. Built at the behest of Doge Giovanni Pesaro to perpetuate the glory of his house, this baroque monument has held since 1902 the Galleria Internazionale d'Arte Moderna. This year, at least until October 25, the *piano nobile* with parts of the floors above and below has been rearranged to accommodate the most recent of those biennial exhibitions in Venice which are concerned with the old masters who worked in the city: some 240 paintings ranging in time from Palma il Giovane to Sebastiano Ricci, with over 100 drawings. In 1935 the Mostra di Tiziano was set in the same palace, and two years later the Mostra del Tintoretto. But despite the fact that no painter represented in this present miscellany save Rubens is comparable to these very great masters of the previous century—and the sole exhibit of Rubens is the fine, but sadly damaged, 'Madonna and Child with St. John', which was not painted in, nor probably for, Venice—the idea of filling this late masterpiece of Baldassare Longhena with seventeenth-century pictures is the most sympathetic one of the past sixty years. And although, behind the rich façade, little of the original decoration of the rooms survives, one coffered ceiling whose compartments were painted by Nicolo Bambini in 1682 can appropriately be catalogued as part of the exhibition.

Once in Venice, the exhibition is easy to reach; not altogether easy to digest. More than sixty artists are represented, several by only a single painting or drawing. Some pictures are deservedly well known, brought to Ca' Pesaro from sites where they have always been: Bernardo Strozzi's most truly Venetian altarpiece, the 'St. Sebastian' from S. Benedetto; the 'St. Jerome inspired by the Angel' of Jan Liss which was admired already in S. Niccolo dei Tolentini by his fellow countryman Sandrart, visiting Venice in 1628-29; and the magnificent pair of canvases sent in 1667 from Naples to the parish church at Sambughè by Mattia Preti, who had come to Venice in his youth to study Tintoretto and Veronese.

Some deserve to be better known: Signore Viezzoli's 'Jacob and Esau', a tremulously elegant composition whose strange and luminous colour combinations set it apart from the works

of Strozzi with which it hangs; the 'Portrait of Antonio Canal', dignified and official but a real study of a personality, given in Venice an implausible attribution to Nicolò Renieri, notwithstanding the inclusion of authentic and characteristic paintings by this Flemish artist in the exhibition; and a large 'Crucifixion' originally in S. Teresa, which is certainly by Langetti, inspired by the example of Titian and



Detail from 'The Parable of the Pearl', by Domenico Fetti: now to be seen at Venice

Lent by the Kansas City Museum

Van Dyck, but exceptional within his *oeuvre* for its emotive strength. And of course among such a crowd of exhibits hastily assembled there are a dozen or so which had better have been kept apart from the main body of a show which could and should delight the general gallery-goer as well as offer problems to the specialist.

Delights are there. Francesco Maffei, since the exhibition three years ago in his native Vicenza, has emerged as a coherent artistic personality; a master of rhythm and illumination, a sensitive colourist, and a wit, an entrancing mixture of fantasy and poignant observation. Thanks to the preparation of that one-man show he appears now at Ca' Pesaro in strength, and distinct. His 'Procession', from the cathedral at Brescia, makes an immediate appeal which does not weaken with acquaintance. Jan Liss from Oldenbourg is another who would merit the interest of an exhibition to himself, had a longer life allowed a more copious production. As it was he was borne off by the plague in 1629 or 1630, a thirty-five-year-old Pan, after only ten years' work in Venice. However, within the context of this exhibition his spirited handling and invention intrigue the eye satisfyingly.

Alas, the Uffizi insults an international public and Florentine pride by not bothering to remove more than a tiny rectangle of discoloured varnish from their little 'Toilet of Venus', a picture manifestly painted to give pleasure. But next to that hangs, in an admirable state, the choicest of these cabinet-sized mythologies, 'The Fall of Phaeton'; and opposite, the famous 'Game of Morra'. Liss can be established by

these in conjunction with the 'St. Jerome' and with the scenes from Genesis, two of which, formerly in Casa Giovannelli, have remained in Venice, the third belonging to Mr. Walter P. Chrysler. In the same room are displayed also the painterly powers of another of the early seventeenth-century migrants to Venice, Domenico Fetti, a man more productive than Liss, but whose works are as hard to find in that city today. The group of his panel paintings lent from Vienna are of outstanding beauty and importance. From the detail reproduced here of the Kansas City 'Parable of the Pearl' can be gleaned an idea of his delicacy of touch and subtlety of illumination when working on this small scale in which he excelled.

Problems to excite every visitor, specialist or not, live in this exhibition. Few painters of note were actually Venetian bred during the period which it spans: Palma, Santa Peranda, Saraceni, Carpioni, Celesti, hardly more. What attracted Italians from other cities? The fame of a Golden Age of painting, not long past at the beginning of the seventeenth century? The refreshment of pictorial tradition by Fetti, Liss, and Strozzi? Particular conditions of patronage? What shift in the cultural geography of Europe brought Elsheimer, Rubens, and Liss, northerners seeking the adventure of Italy, to Venice before Rome? And one problem especially delights: the full-length 'Portrait of a Captain of Halberdiers' attributed to the fascinating Sebastiano Manzoni, author of the stupendous altarpieces from S. Benedetto. Could this creature puffed in gorgeous clothes, all swirls and scallops, inhabit the same serious world as Bombelli's 'Procurator'? What painter, what patron, could so have risked the charge of caricature? Is this codfish of a man, bloated and bewigged, by some fancy one of Neptune's army? How else can one explain the shell form of his casque, the halberd-head grasped like the spines of a giant murex, or the drops of water on his armoured shoulder?

The Listener's Book Chronicle

English Furniture Designs of the Eighteenth Century. By Peter Ward-Jackson. H.M.S.O. for the Victoria and Albert Museum. £3 3s.

Reviewed by F. J. B. WATSON

IN THE LAST THIRTY YEARS the study of English furniture has made great strides forward. These have involved (among other things) the dethronement of Thomas Chippendale from his hitherto unquestioned position of pre-eminence both as a designer of outstanding genius who imposed the French rococo style on this country and as a craftsman more or less personally responsible for producing a considerable part of the surviving furniture executed in that style.

It was in 1929 that the late Fiske Kimball and Edna Donnell dislodged Chippendale from the niche in which he had been enshrined as a designer by showing that a considerable number of the plates engraved in *The Gentleman's and Cabinet-Maker's Directory* were not his work at all but taken from drawings by Mathias Lock and (over-zealously, as Mr. Ward-Jackson now convincingly contends) by H. Copeland, an even less familiar figure. A few years later Mr. Ralph Edwards and the late Margaret Jourdain published their *Georgian Cabinet-Makers*. This book brought to light for the first time the work of a great number of English furniture-makers, some of them, like William Vile, men of the highest skill, and thus demonstrated indirectly that Chippendale was by no means the outstanding giant he had hitherto seemed to be. Now Mr. Ward-Jackson has carried these studies a stage further.

The work falls into two parts. The more important (though described as 'subsidiary' in the preface) comprises a critical bibliography of all the known furniture pattern-books (an English speciality hardly known in Europe). This is an excellent piece of scholarship based on the unrivalled collection in the library of the Victoria and Albert Museum, though the author has wisely made it more complete by reference where necessary to works in other libraries and by the inclusion of a large number of drawings for furniture not only from the museum's own collection but from the Soane Museum and the R.I.B.A. library as well. Over 350 well chosen plates add to the book's value.

In a long introduction Mr. Ward-Jackson discusses the significance of these designs in relation to the evolution of English furniture. Though necessarily less definitive than the bibliography, it is this part of the book which readers are in general likely to find the more stimulating reading. At the very beginning we are brought up against a fundamental question. Do the designs inaugurate or follow the latest fashions? Were they in fact *oeuvres de vulgarisation* or attempts to stimulate craftsmen to new formal conquests?

As far as the engraved designs are concerned it would seem that the pattern-books are works of a popularizing character lagging some steps behind the latest fashions. When the third edition of *The Director* appeared in 1762 it

contained 105 new plates but they reveal no radical change in style from the predominantly rococo character of the first edition issued eight years earlier. Yet at this very moment a tremendous revolution in European taste was taking place. Even if one does not go so far as Mr. Ward-Jackson who claims that 'Adam preceded all his foreign contemporaries in the use of the rectilinear neo-classic style', this change must already have become very apparent in England by 1762, for such furniture was being made in Paris (though probably not in quantity) at least as early as 1757, and there was a constant interchange of artistic ideas between the two countries throughout the century.

Architects' drawings for furniture, such as those of Adam or Holland, must, in general, have been up to date and intended for immediate execution, and thus probably provide a reasonably accurate index of the most advanced taste of the period. Thus the Adam design dated 1768 for a table at Shelborne House which Mr. Ward-Jackson illustrates, is certainly some two or three years ahead of anything of the kind known to have been executed in France.

But the whole question of whether the neo-classic style arose first in England or France is a problem of the utmost complexity and it is one of the great virtues of this book that it provides more data than has hitherto been readily available for the examination of this and similar problems. It is a work whose value as a reference book is likely to increase, for there are few aspects of the history of English eighteenth-century furniture on which it does not have some bearing.

A word must be said in praise of the production and attractive binding of this book which places it in a category apart from the general run of Stationery Office productions, and in marked contrast to the unenticing outward appearance of the catalogues produced by most museums in this and other countries.

Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt. By John Cruickshank. Oxford. 25s.

'One must be of one's own time', remarked Daumier. Alas, yes. A worse fate for any author is to be marked down early as the representative of his time. He becomes (how vertiginously) the prey of publicists and he must watch the bibliography of critical exposition grow at the expense of the few books he is able to write. The day comes when he suspects he has been acclaimed for the wrong reasons and that the wrong reasons have prepared (how inexorably) the foreseeable slump. For the writer himself has started with quite other ambitions, less immodest and more exciting: to write a novel or play or poem to satisfy himself. The only criticism he wants is technical and this is the criticism, once he has been made the spokesman of his age, he is most unlikely to attract.

This is the eighth book Camus has had written about him since 1946 and there have been, notes Dr. Cruickshank, 'hundreds of articles'. It would be interesting to know how much or how little Camus allows this industry

to claim his attention—whether, as seems to have been the case at one time with Mr. Eliot, the output grows less as the hubbub intensifies and the exercise of self-protection inhibits the impulse to create. Dr. Cruickshank's contribution to this overcrowded shelf is the rare kind of criticism its subject might respect: methodical, closely-argued, neither inflating nor deflating a reputation. And it is the kind of criticism we can read with profit because it seeks to assess the achievements of a writer without attempting to produce him as a secular messiah. Mr. Thody's book on Camus was valuable for the same reason; in fact, English 'close' criticism is at its best when it deals with writers such as Malraux, Sartre, and Camus, whose work is fatally accessible material for the professional diagnosticians of the *zeitgeist*.

If the figure that emerges from Dr. Cruickshank's hands is Camus the artist rather than Camus philosopher of the Absurd, this is the result of the rigorous scrutiny he gives *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* and *L'Homme Revolté*. The usual critical habit has been to use the philosophical and political discussions to interpret the creative works; Dr. Cruickshank's purpose is to clear an area in which the novels and plays can be seen as novels and plays, not as illustrations of a philosophy. His exposure of the inconsistencies in the philosophy—an analysis focused on the way Camus has derived from the absurd 'values which the absurd, by definition, cannot recognize'—does not diminish Camus; on the contrary, it illuminates the incessant struggle behind the triumphs and failures of the imaginative creations. The struggle is to communicate a vision. 'When I seek to discover what is most fundamental in myself', said Camus in an interview, 'it is a taste for happiness that I find'. This engaging, perhaps surprising, confession is the clue to what will be enduring in his work. He has experienced, with unrelenting lucidity, everything representative of his time which seeks to destroy one man's vision of what it means to be happy—and he has refused to be morose. This is the only valid 'literature of revolt'. For it is the *delectatio morosa* (with a wider reference than the usual erotic implications of the term) which will drop most of Camus's generation into oblivion.

H. G. WHITEMAN

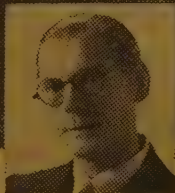
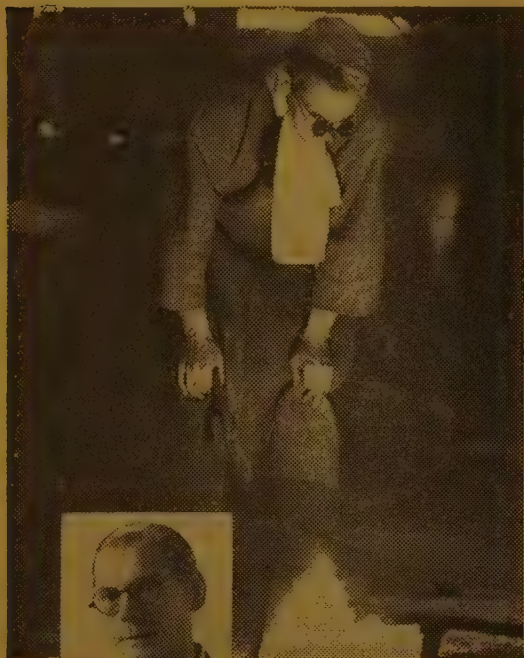
Local History in England

By W. G. Hoskins. Longmans. 21s.

The eager young local historian, according to Dr. Hoskins, will make unqualified assertions and preach a clean-limbed truth: the more experienced will have to pepper his words with 'probably' and 'possibly'. Probably, one may therefore say, this book is the best guinea's worth any local historian could have on his shelf. In his previous books, notably *Midland England* and *The English Landscape*, Hoskins's first aim was to relate the facts of regional history. By looking over his shoulder, between the lines and in the footnotes, it was also possible to learn a great deal about methods of inquiry. This book is mainly about methods and sources although it embodies much fresh factual material

A brisk recap on one of today's vital topics

Everyone agrees one thing about Steel: it matters. Here, to keep you in the picture, are extracts from what five independent journalists have written about it in this series



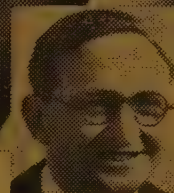
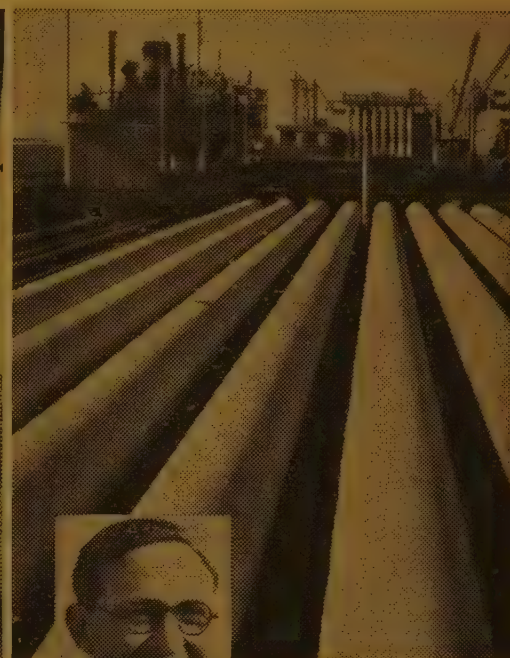
F. H. Happold

INDUSTRIAL JOURNALIST: "Britain needs the accumulated wisdom and diverse abilities of every one of her 300 and more steel companies. Without their ready, informal co-operation with steel users, industrial progress would grind to a halt."



Graham Hutton

AUTHOR AND ECONOMIST: "Demand for steel is advancing. Atomic power stations; fly-over road junctions; equipment for the world's industries; our own industries — all clamour for steel. To meet this challenge, the Steel Industry has planned to raise steel output by another third."



Lionel Hale

JOURNALIST, PLAYWRIGHT, BROADCASTER, wrote of "a curious air of calm and order . . . the strongest and cheapest alloy in the world . . . the beginnings of bridges that span far-off rivers, of razor blades, of railway networks, of your garden fence, or of a pipeline to be run across an eastern desert."



Trevor Evans

DAILY EXPRESS INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT, wrote of "a remarkable record of internal peace . . . What can be wrong with an industry which commands the energy and loyalty of a lifetime's service from men of such pride and skill?"



J. Stubbs Walker

SCIENTIFIC JOURNALIST: "The steel laboratories are among the most advanced in industry . . . Behind the brawny violence there is a refined understanding of the meaning of milligrams, of the precise control of temperatures."

These reports were published by the British Iron & Steel Federation so that everyone in Britain should know the facts about Steel

including studies of Stamford, King's Lynn, and various taxation records. It is written for the local historian who is already fairly knowledgeable but aspires to bring his research and writing up to the best standards. One cannot say 'from amateur to professional standards' since some of the worst work comes from professionals writing their 'guinea dreadfuls'. This book is for the informed amateur with enough knowledge of general history to see the point of the lines of inquiry suggested. The author takes particular source-material—printed, documentary, or in the field—and demonstrates its utility and its potential. The topics selected are personal to the author, those which he finds under-emphasized in the more orthodox guides like Mr. Pugh's, to which this book is complementary and not rival.

Thus, the Census is advised as a first course before the traditional Domesday Book, and the amateur is given good advice to begin walking backwards, taking first for study the period with printed sources and legible English hands before moving to the mists of old hands and Latin. Dr. Hoskins is unnecessarily hesitant about recommending this order for the finished narrative. It was done admirably by Deffontaines in his study of the Middle Garonne. Eyebrows—outside Oxford and Cambridge—may be raised at the minor role assigned to Latin in the amateur's equipment. The 'Distant Friend' invoked to help out the non-Latinist is an unrealistic figure: the true snag is so often not the absence of someone to translate as one transcribes but the ignorance of the language which makes it impossible to transcribe the scrawl one sees.

The reader will find many case-studies here; wide tour of sources; a conducted field-trip; and some avuncular advice on the strategy, politics, economics, and psychology of field-work, writing, and publishing. The index has a hidden tumbler. In all, it is a course of tutorials to make even full-time students envious, with enough suggestions to keep a horde of post-graduate students and the whole army of amateur historians busy till the *n*th edition is exhausted. One may adapt a passage from Kennett's *Parochial Antiquities* and have Dr. Hoskins say: 'Next to the immediate discharge of my academic office I know not how in any course of studies I could better have served my patron, my people and my successors by preserving what before lay remote from common notice'.

MAURICE BERESFORD

Thought and Action

By Stuart Hampshire.

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

This is an ambitious and adventurous book. It is addressed to readers with some knowledge of philosophical technicalities, and is composed in long, sometimes limp, but never lame paragraphs which keep the attention strained. Nevertheless it will have a wide and salutary impact. Mr. Hampshire's main theme is human freedom, but in developing it he has much of importance to say about knowledge, mind, morality and art. Indeed, it is his view that contemporary empiricist philosophy has exaggerated the distinctions between the various realms of human experience, and that knowledge and action, fact and value, art and morality, are not as disconnected as they are currently held to be.

The problem of freedom, as Hampshire sees it, is that the growth of psychological knowledge

shows that men are what they are because of circumstances they have not themselves initiated, whereas conscious and responsible choice is essential to morality. To say that we just *know* we are free is dogmatic and unhelpful. To say that freedom is knowledge of necessity is to go on using the word when the thing itself has been given up. Can, then, the belief in freedom be retained in a scientific age without becoming arbitrary or disingenuous? Hampshire thinks it can, and supports his view as follows. His fundamental thesis is that the notion of brute and basic facts is incoherent. Thought, and the speech in which it is necessarily clothed, presuppose persisting material things and embodied persons, but the sorts of thing that are distinguished and classified must vary with the aims and institutions of those who communicate. There would be no language and therefore no thought apart from the activities of beings with intentions. To suppose that men are wholly formed by their environment is to overlook the role they themselves play in determining what their environment is. Prediction of what the future will be is distinct from and in part dependent on decisions to influence it. Thought, language, action, and responsibility are therefore inseparably united.

But if there are no basic, atomic facts, Hampshire argues, neither are there any basic atomic actions. The quality of an action is even more dependent upon a framework of beliefs and institutions than is the nature of a fact. What from one point of view is solicitude may, from another, be regarded as impertinence. But the more a man becomes aware of the limitations within which his previous moral judgments were made, the freer he is to decide in terms of effective and coherent policies instead of conforming piecemeal to unrelated demands. Thus Hampshire believes that morality is not only concerned with rules of conduct, but essentially involves a readiness to criticize and reform them. Without art, he suggests, morality would be a limited routine. Art, by introducing detachment and novelty, is a stimulus to that active and critical self-consciousness which is freedom.

It may be objected that Hampshire is here advocating moral reform rather than fulfilling the philosopher's proper role of analysing morality as it is. But he makes it clear that he regards criticism and reform as inherent in all developed thought, and that he rejects the view that philosophy has a single unchanging function. He might find it harder to meet the objection that a view which puts so much emphasis on the fluidity of rules of interpretation and conduct, pushes criticism to the point of anarchy. However that may be, he has, in this book, brought both imagination and precision to discussion of the largest issues.

H. B. ACTON

The Council of Florence

By Joseph Gill. Cambridge. £2 7s. 6d.

The fifteenth century has been a favourite hunting ground for the periodizers of history. It embraced dialectic and humanism, a neo-feudal society and the germs of the absolute and bureaucratic state, a stricken economy and new economic opportunities, ecumenical councils and national concordats. Father Gill's learned and illuminating book describes a legacy of medieval theological disputes, tackled on tradi-

tional lines within a political setting which was out of contact with the issues at stake.

When Pope Eugenius IV jubilantly proclaimed the reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches at Florence in July 1439, the schism between them had lasted, according to his own reckoning, for 437 years. It began when Byzantium still held the Eastern bridgehead of Europe against Islam. Now, the tentacles of Turkish power extended around Constantinople across the Balkans, and the once impregnable capital lived in fear that the next assault of the Turks would end the millennial history of New Rome. A *modus vivendi* with the Pope was to be the prelude to effective military aid from the west. Without this compelling need there could scarcely have been a Council, but it clouded the minds of the large delegation of Greek prelates who accompanied their Emperor to Italy. Eugenius too needed the prop of success to support his authority, challenged by the dissident Council of Basel. Circumstances were as favourable as they had ever been to the project of union. Nor need we question the genuine desire of churchmen on both sides to attain union for its own sake. But upon what terms?

The acts and records of the Council, which opened at Ferrara in April 1438 and moved to Florence nine months later, have recently been assembled and published by a small group of scholars at the Vatican. Father Gill, one of this group, has woven them neatly together into a narrative of the negotiations which brought the Council into being, of its deliberations, of the manner in which union was achieved at Florence and promptly lost again at Constantinople. He claims that his book is 'more historical than theological'. But theology is inescapable, for the schism was a doctrinal one and only agreement on doctrine could end it. The long debates about the *Filioque* clause in the Creed, the chief difference between the Churches, fill nearly a quarter of the book. Some readers may find much of this argument too nice, but these pages are as fascinating as they are necessary, for the skilful analysis of the debates brings out more clearly than anything else the divergent attitudes of the spokesmen of the two Churches.

A delegate from Georgia is reported to have exclaimed, in exasperation at the method of the Latins, 'Aristotle? A fig for your fine Aristotle'. It is clear that the populace of Constantinople, and the monks to whom they looked for spiritual guidance, shared his dismay. The Latins had absorbed the Greek heritage and turned it against the Greeks. One obstinate man (and the characters of the leading Greeks emerge with particular success) could do much to wreck a union attained by reluctant surrender and compromise on both sides, because divergence of culture and outlook forbade a common approach to the task of harmonizing doctrine. 'I never heard', wrote a Greek chronicler who lived through these years, 'from any of those on their side that our position was bad, but rather good and ancient, and theirs again was not bad but good'. To a layman the real tragedy and frustration of the Council, confused as it was by political interests and manoeuvres, may seem to lie in the fact that too few men were prepared to believe this. But articles of faith were at stake, and the truth must be determined and declared, however impolitic it might be.

Through all this, Father Gill, while he does not conceal his opinions, is a discerning guide. He sets the Council firmly in its political and

doctrinal context. His book is the second account of an international conference in the fourteenth-thirties to appear in English of recent years, and the Congress of Arras and the Council of Florence may stand not unaptly side by side on the historian's shelf. Western Europe, as it then was, could do little to save Constantinople.

D. M. BUENO DE MESQUITA

The Macleods: The History of a Clan 1200-1956. By I. F. Grant.
Faber. 42s.

The story of Skye and the Hebrides is scarcely less remarkable than the story of Iceland and the outer isles of Scandinavia. Indeed during a most dynamic period of their history the two races clashed and intermingled, and the Celtic and Norse cultures, subsequently so different in language and spirit, blossomed out of that effusion and fusion of blood. In both the Celtic and Norse islands a dark age succeeded an epoch of extraordinary achievement. Yet it was nowhere utterly dark. At scattered points the dim lights flickered until they burst into flame once more. The island of Skye was one of these points. It was not the only one nor perhaps the most important in the Hebrides, but the library of Iona and the muni-ments of the Lords of the Isles and the Macleods of Lewis were lost. But at Dunvegan Castle the chiefs of the Skye branch of Clan Macleod preserved so many of their records from the general wreck as to make their island an oasis in a historical desert.

By the end of the sixteenth century Skye was in the van of a Scottish Gaelic renaissance that gave us the pibroch and the *orain mhora* (great songs) before the arts of the learned bards, of the harpers, or of the monumental Celtic artists were yet quite dead. Dunvegan and its chiefs were still at the centre of this new propulsion. Mary Macleod, that pioneer of the new unlearned poetry, was their kinswoman. The MacCrimmons were their pipers. At Rodel are their sculptured tombs. The Beatons were their men of medicine. The Gaelic impetus rode the Reformation, the 'Forty-five, the nineteenth-century 'evictions'.

Dr. Grant has performed a monumental task in gathering the historical material for this intricate subject. Her book will be an invaluable source for the student of Highland history. But history is concerned with the song the sirens sang as well as with the number of ships they wrecked, and the songs, the thought and serious literature of the lands of Macleod are Gaelic. Dr. Grant, who published her *The Lordship of the Isles* in 1935, has still to learn Gaelic. Meanwhile her new book contains no quotation of the Gaelic poetry of Mary Macleod, even in the pages in which her metres are discussed. Five lines of the curse of a legendary witch are inaccurately reprinted elsewhere (with the reference 'it is said that') to show what Gaelic looks like.

The treatment of the betrayal of Montrose is interesting. The event was immortalized by Ian Lom Macdonald, one of the greatest Gaelic poets and, because of his political activities, an important historical source. Ian Lom said that Macleod of Ardvreck sold Montrose for Leith meal, two-thirds of which had gone sour. Dr. Grant does not mention Ian Lom but merely says of the reward, 'beyond the reputed grant of some bad meal he does not seem to have got

it'. Dr. A. M. Mackenzie's definitive thesis on Ian Lom shares the fate of her subject.

The Macraes of Kintail are so presented that few would suspect them of the authorship of the seventeenth-century Fernaig manuscript, of having carried the Gaelic tradition of poetry to America in the eighteenth century, or of having preserved it in Kintail until the twentieth. The eighteenth-century Skye bard William Ross, who first popularized the love song, is not mentioned. Of course he was not a Macleod, but neither were the MacCrimmons. Three years before William Ross's death, Donald Macleod was born, in 1787, at Glendale in Skye. His song 'Oh it is you, and indeed it is you who are in my thoughts', is still famous. Donald Macleod is never mentioned, nor is his equally famous poet-son Neil Macleod. These men lived through the last and greatest upheaval in the whole history of Gaeldom and so did *Mairi mhor nan orain*, Great Mary of the Songs, songs of the Evictions that have never been forgotten. Mary is not mentioned. Dr. Grant speaks of a decline in Gaelic culture. How does she know?

Gaelic prose is a heavier casualty, since there is relatively more English prose available. Dr. Norman Macleod is given (*Caraid nan Gaidheal*) after his name as a Gaelic by-name, Friend of the Gael. It is rather more. It is the title of the most popular prose work (the Bible apart) ever to have circulated in the Highlands, and both in its literary style and in the spiritual climate it reflects it is of the utmost importance. The most famous English prose work by a clansman in the Highlands is that of a mainlander, contemporary with those other mainland Macleods whose property problems in Easter Ross are not overlooked. But of Donald Macleod's *Gloomy Memories* there is not a word.

A reader of the final chapter on the admirable contribution by the present chief of Macleod to the British tourist industry might well wonder whether Gaeldom, having 'declined', is now dead. A culture can be killed by persecution and neglect, but neither in Skye nor in the outer Hebrides has it been killed yet. Children still speak Gaelic in the home until they go to receive instruction in English at school, and at Portree school in Skye the scholars from many islands meet to complete their education within the tradition of Britain's most ancient surviving culture. Gaelic is spoken in the servants' hall at Dunvegan itself.

IAN GRIMBLE

The Nili Spies. By Anita Engle.
Hogarth Press. 25s.

After many years of inquiry Miss Engle has produced a complete narrative of an episode of the 1914-18 war which has hitherto been lit only by the fitful flashes of legend, if indeed it has been noticed at all by the general reader. This is the work of the Jewish underground (as it would now be called) in the Ottoman Empire, brought to action in the organization called Nili which carried out valuable espionage for the British in the cause of Jewish liberation and the nationhood of the future. The Maccabees of this small but resolute movement, often suspected and disliked by other Zionists, were the Aaronsohn family, of the pioneer Jewish settlement in Palestine of Zichron Yaacov on the slopes of Mount Carmel. The elder brother Aaron, a botanist of international standing, survived to

attend the Peace Conference in Paris, and then vanished with his reports and papers in a misty air-crossing of the Channel—the American W. C. Bullitt wrote of him as 'the greatest man I have ever known'. Most of the others were caught, tortured and killed by the Turks, and the settlement with its experimental agricultural station was destroyed. The death of Aaron's sister Sarah, 'the flame of Nili', resourceful and unflinching to the end, was the most terrible of all. It is she who has more than once been identified with the 'S.A.' to whom Lawrence dedicated his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. In an epilogue Miss Engle is concerned to refute the suggestion as improbable and without evidence, but the last word has not been said on this mysterious matter, and perhaps it never will be.

The account of the Nili adventure is frankly partisan, for there has been as much to vindicate as to discover. But Miss Engle's book has the particular merit of intimate presentation, through diaries and letters painstakingly brought to light, of the lives that were laid down in sacrifice.

FRANCIS WATSON

Goodbye Earth. By I. A. Richards.
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

We are used enough to the man who, attempting but failing to write good verse, turns to criticism instead. We read his criticism, if we are kind, as a substitute for his creation; and, if we are unkind, as an unconscious analysis of his failure. We are used enough too to the critic who, while indisputably a real critic rather than a failed poet, nevertheless produces a thin volume or two of verse at the very outset of his career; and we read his verse as a sort of warranty, or successfully completed entrance examination, for his criticism. Professor Richards's is a far rarer case. Here is a man who, towards the close of an extremely distinguished critical career, devoted for much the greater part to the detailed examination of the functioning of other people's verse, suddenly produces a first volume of poetry of his own. In the case of the failed poet, the criticism is an extension of the verse that was never written: in the present case, the poetry is an extension of the criticism that was.

Those familiar with the Professor's work will expect the poems to be abstruse, knotty, super-Empsonian—an expectation that will be strengthened by the first sight of the book itself with its 'Proem' at the beginning and its multi-fid notes at the end. However, in the event, this is not so. The textures are simple, the meanings scrutable, the notes for adornment rather than exegesis. The reader may miss the tones of excitement, exhilaration, sudden and surprising insight, which are almost entirely absent. But if he fails to find exactly pleasure, at least he will be left with a strong sense of both affection and respect. This is a quiet voice, speaking plain language:

A poem's not on a page
Or in a reader's eye;
Nor in a poet's mind
Its freedom may engage.
For I, a poem, I
Myself alone can find
Myself alone could bind.

The best of these poems remain entrenched in the memory rather more firmly than one had perhaps at first expected them to.

HILARY CORKE

A policy for your child

£12 a year paid from birth will provide

£330 in cash at age 21

or a life policy for £1,050 with profits

or

£415 in cash at age 25

or a life policy for £1,125 with profits

Write for details for a child of any age up to 16

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

(founded 1762)

19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

MONEY MATTERS

Common Sense Investment

A good Building Society is hard to beat for safety of Capital and of Income. In the 'Planet' for instance, you can invest small sums or up to £5,000, every pound of which is redeemable at any time *at a pound*. No depreciation whatsoever. The dividend, paid half-yearly and computed from day to day, is always as high as is prudently possible. And it is net, the Society paying the Income Tax. The 'Planet' was established in 1848; its assets are £11,000,000 and Reserves exceed £500,000.

(Deposits in this Society are Trustee Investments.)

3 $\frac{1}{2}$ %

NET, PER ANNUM

equal to £5.14.3 per cent on investments taxable at standard rate

No cost at all on investment or withdrawal

Write for details

THE PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

Planet House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2 Tel: Monarch 8985
(Member of The Building Societies Association)

A Personal Loan helped her!



She longed for really nice furniture in the dining room, but the difficulty was—money. So she asked us about Westminster Bank Personal Loans. And when we accepted her application, this is what happened. She was able to buy from different shops, as and when the right things caught her eye. She could pay for each purchase on the spot by cheque. She did not have to disclose to any retailer the details of her private affairs. She knew exactly what interest she had to pay—and she could get income tax relief on it. Now, *you* could enjoy these advantages, too—if you were a customer of the Westminster Bank. The Personal Loan Service is at the disposal of *every* customer, right from the time the account is opened: all we ask is that you satisfy us as to your personal integrity and that the amount of the loan should be reasonably related both to your income and the purpose for which it is required. Ask your local branch for copies of "Personal Loan Service" and "On using your Bank". You'll find in them many reasons why *you* should bank with the Westminster, too!

**You should bank
with the WESTMINSTER, too!**

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED, HEAD OFFICE: 41, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

On Holiday

THE HOLIDAY SEASON is full upon us and it is only just that we at home in our arm-chairs should be enabled to travel farther and faster than those who are now sunning it in Spain or misting it in the Minch. Very properly, therefore, the Corporation is treating us to plenty of travel films at the moment, and on August 12 we saw *Sails off Singapore*. This was concerned with the Orang Laut, Malay peoples who live in islands off Singapore, earning their living by fishing in perhaps the fastest and certainly some of the most dangerous sailing craft in the world—sleek, light objects that carry a large head of canvas but have no keels at all! In the film, Tony Beamish makes his acquaintance with these boats, buys one, sails it with a Chinese girl for companion, capsizes it, and is rescued by the islanders and taken home with them to be initiated further into their mysteries. Such a programme may evidently be called a 'holiday' rather than a 'travel' film, and entertainment is its purpose rather than discovery. All the same, it raises a number of technical questions.

For instance, we are shown the actual capsizing of Mr. Beamish's boat and the arrival of the islanders' boat to rescue him. Now this seemed to be contrived—at best, a reconstruction. Or are we to suppose that, purely by chance, some fellow with a cine-camera happened to be passing by at precisely the critical moment? To this extent, therefore, we may think that we are no longer watching a pure record of travel, but something which was engineered and dramatized. And once a single doubt is admitted, one is invaded by a host. Did Mr. Beamish ever capsize at all, or is that just a gimmick to lend his tale additional interest? Did he even sail to the island at all, or is there really a twice-weekly steamer? The thing has become simply an entertainment (certainly, a good one), but we may no longer be able to trust it implicitly.

Another point. I wrote last week of the excellence of Herr von Fürer-Haimendorf's tact in keeping himself entirely out of the picture in his Sherpa travelogue. Not so Mr. Beamish who, very white, plump, and bearded, stuck out all over the place like a sore thumb. The attitude was amused condescension rather than willingness to understand. The moment they arrived on the island the Chinese girl friend distributed pieces of chocolate all round. Did the children cluster and clamour for them? Of course. But that does not make it an elegant or even a sensible thing to do. The true traveller aims to bridge gaps by the establishment of mutual respect: there is no respect on either side between giver and receiver of foolish largesse! I thought nothing could more exactly illustrate what is meant by the tripperish.

Arm-chair adventure of another sort has been provided this last three Sundays by *The Silent Sky*, Peter Scott's series on gliding. Mr. Scott, after so

many years devoted to the loving study of birds, has eventually decided to become one, and the result has been first-class entertainment. The manner in which the glider-pilot, by cunning use of rising wind-currents and 'thermals', manages to sail his plane to enormous heights (30,000 feet or more) without any engine whatever, must appeal to all of us. Once given the machine, it is clearly one of the great natural sports, demanding the same sort of combination of instinct and appreciation of situation as is required by the yachtsman or big-game hunter. In view of the enormous cost of conventional air-flight, the economics of the sport are interesting: for an instructional course at a gliding school, fifteen guineas a week all in; about four shillings (yes, shillings!) a flight thereafter.

Peter Scott up, Hans Hass down. *Demon Bay* (Sunday, August 9), one of a Children's Television series, was good straight underwater stuff, marred only by its final five minutes, a seemingly interminable exercise in arch anthropomorphism concerning a micro-

scope slide—full of hour-old baby squids. 'And now this little one is saying "How queer to be alive, isn't it?"': and this one is saying "Hallo I wonder what is happening over there!"' Had they been saying anything at all, I fancy it would have been 'Owch', 'Grrr', and 'Bags!' The animated cartoon seems to have deserted



Chips Rafferty in *The Overlanders*, an extract from which was shown in a 'profile' of Harry Watt, director of the film, on August 8

the cinema for the tea-time television screen. In *the Jungle* (also August 9) was an enchanting Polish representative of the genre. In watching this I had the benefit of the advice of two experts (ages three and five) who entirely agreed. At the same hour next day was *Bom*, a cartoon offering by Enid Blyton, about which I cannot trust myself to write further.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Ibsen's 'Brand'

IBSEN'S *Brand*, in the 'World Theatre' series, was undoubtedly the production of the week. It is a gloomy affair and has lost, I should have thought, much of its impact in the ninety-odd years since it was written. It is not so much that religious fanaticism is today unfashionable as that it is incomprehensible to our easy-going, pseudo-rational minds.

The evidence, I realize, is to some extent against me here. When the play was produced by the 59 Theatre Company at Hammersmith last spring it was widely acclaimed. I suspect that the acclamation was for the forceful acting and production difficulties cleverly tackled. Most of the enthusiasts who went along to Hammersmith probably knew that the work was never intended for the stage.

Ibsen began to write it as an epic poem in protest against Norway's lukewarm support of Denmark in her war with Prussia. (When asked why he himself had not fought as a volunteer, Ibsen replied that his life was too precious to be risked.) A year later he recast it in dramatic form, and published it as a dramatic poem in five acts. Brand was in some way meant to personify the un-



Gliding in Switzerland (ahead is the Matterhorn): the last of three programmes on gliding, *The Silent Sky*, was seen on August 9

compromising attitude Norway (and Ibsen?) ought to have adopted.

These facts account for much of the awkwardness of any acting version of the poem. It is one thing to read about monomania on a mountain top, and form one's own mental pictures of the scenes and characters, and quite another to watch actors groping about in a stage mist, with wind from the wings moaning mournfully, and the oh-so-solid rocks reverberating to the tread like the hollow wooden structures they are. Ibsen, like Milton, knew that some ideas and situations are better left to the imagination.

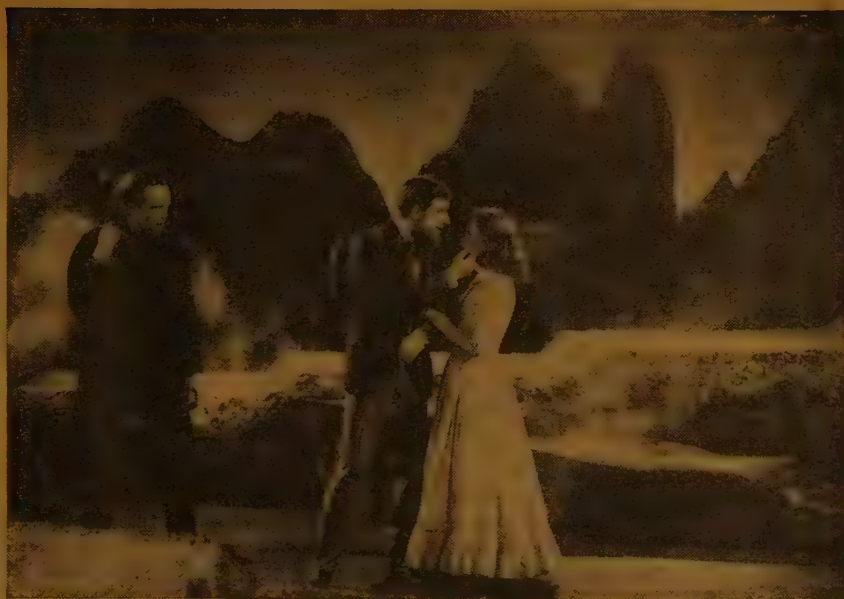
Once the decision has been taken to stage the thing, it is hard to conceive of a braver attempt than the one the 59 Theatre Company has made. Michael Meyer's translation gives back to the lines the poetry and dignity they presumably have in the original, and which they certainly lack in the translations we have had for so long. Michael Elliott's production was dramatic in every sense of the word.

Patrick McGoohan, in the name part, gave a performance of sustained fervour and vehemence that was impressive—and exhausting to watch. At times, in the few quieter passages, he almost persuaded me that the work was actable.

No such persuasion was forthcoming from Edward Chapman, Helena Pickard, and the rest of the cast of *The Fifty Mark* (August 9), the so-called comedy by Dan Sutherland. I thought their hearts were not in it, and one could not blame them. They did not appear to know, any more than I did, what it was that Mr. Sutherland thought he was giving us. It was all about middle-aged John Meredith (Edward Chapman) being disappointed at not being promoted at his office as he had expected, and deciding to embezzle £30,000 of the firm's money to ensure security for himself and his wife in retirement, and facing with equanimity the prospect of spending the first five years or so of the retirement in prison as the price to be paid. The double-double bluff at the end left me not knowing whether he was to succeed or not.



Scene from *The Gentle Alliance* on August 13, with Marah Stohl as Judith Standard, David Sumner (centre) as Henry Able, and John Franklyn Robbins as John Flash



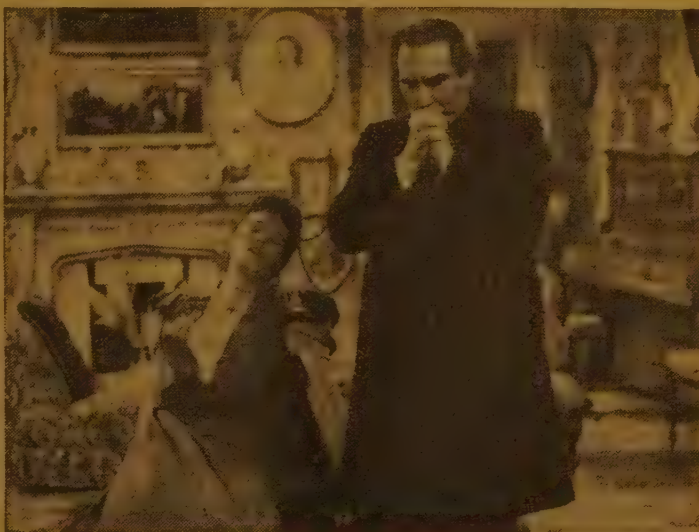
Patrick McGoohan (left) as Brand, James Maxwell as Ejnar, and Dilys Hamlett as Agnes in Ibsen's *Brand* on August 11

Miss Frances Rich, with *The Gentle Alliance*, was more serious in intention if hardly more successful in achievement. But there were enough good things in this her first play (written for the Manchester Library Theatre) to suggest that her next will be much better. Her theme, the conflict between a young man's ambitions and his father's very different ambitions for him, is old but capable of infinite variation.

Unfortunately, in her treatment, Miss Rich fell back on stock characters and situations—four nice young people in the same digs exchanging rather commonplace views on a few of life's more important questions. John Franklyn Robbins was John Flash, the young man of promise who justifies his friends' faith in him, at the moment they are about to lose it, by revealing that he has written a book. My only doubt about Mr. Robbins's rendering of this part was that he looked to me to be too old for it. David Sumner, Marah Stohl, and Shirley Lawrence were his understanding companions, and David Mahlowe took the part of a forgiving father.

Once it had got away from its too-slow start, Barbara Burnham's production of *The Cathedral* (Saturday), Hugh Walpole's novel in the Trollope manner, was pleasingly entertaining. For some reason or other I could not believe in Donald Wolfitt as Archdeacon Brandon, but I was very content, as always, to watch him pretending to be.

When I say that I am surprised that this adaptation did not appear months ago as a Sunday-evening serial, I intend a compliment.



Kathleen Michael as Mrs. Brandon and Donald Wolfitt as the Archdeacon in *The Cathedral* on August 15

decision to sell the café and make good his dream. But the dream is shattered when Nina is brought back to him by his sister, and Nina reveals that she doesn't want to go to Italy, likes living in the London jungle and wants a boy friend rather than a dream. The boy friend she finds is Rikki Barofski, a tough young man, who is the leader of a gang and an apprentice dealer in scrap metal. Charlie is horrified but is made to realize in the end that his dream has been a means of escape from the reality of making a living.

Miss Dawson could easily have spoiled her story but she resisted all the usual current temptations. Charlie could have been a documentary figure and the gang led by Rikki could have sounded like any one of those earnest studies of delinquents. But she kept so simply to her last that Charlie's dilemma as a father resembled the kind of dilemma that Eugene O'Neill has accustomed us to. When Charlie despairs for his daughter he almost approaches tragedy in echoing the despair of any father who is brought to realize that his children will go their own way and that they do not believe the fairy tales he has told them.

If I read too much into this play, the cast and Charles Lefeaux, the producer, are as much to blame as Miss Dawson. The cast seemed to

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Dreams of Fathers

MISS ELIZABETH DAWSON'S *The Yuke Box* (Home, August 13) had a simplicity which gave it a dramatic compactness and almost a sense of the universal. It was about Charlie Panetti, a London café owner of Italian descent who speaks no Italian, who dreams of one day returning to his Italian lost paradise where life is simple and unsullied. Though his café is squalid and is frequented by the nastier kind of Teddy Boy and though he is living somewhat seamiy with Dolly, a northerner with a heart of gold, he preserves his dream for the benefit of himself and his daughter Nina, who is being brought up on a farm.

The play opens with Charlie's

live inside Miss Dawson's extraordinarily well-observed dialogue. Cyril Shaps's Panetti almost breathed like a Clerkenwell Italian, Christine Finn's Nina was full of the firm certainty of seventeen, and Oscar Quitak's Rikki achieved the necessary blending of toughness and pathos. The handling of the first love conversation between Nina and Rikki was a brilliant piece of writing, acting, and producing.

The simpler stories are often the best. Unamuno's *Nothing less than a man* was arranged for broadcasting and produced by Frederick Bradnum (Third, August 11). The story is nothing more than an account of a woman laying siege to a man who will not declare his surrender to a love of her. She loves him pitifully, and he is to all appearances relentless and ruthless to her. When he has almost driven her mad she dies, and he kills himself in a Gothic welter of blood at her bedside. Alejandro Gomez (John Slater) has revealed some of the clay in his feet before the final act at the bedside. He is a self-made man of power and cannot therefore admit to the weakness of love. Julia Yanez (Freda Dowie) seemed at times to be near to a Spanish Jane Austen figure although her plight was a much more severe one than any encountered at Bath. As the action of this work is contained in the narrative rather than in the dialogue, Mr. Bradnum did well to leave the narrative in the hands of The Reader (Peter Coke). Mr. Coke's reading insinuated itself in a proper manner and never disturbed the course of the action even though the narrative passages were sometimes long.

John Mansel's *A Summer's Cloud* (Home, August 10) tackled the question of a man's allegiance to a political belief and his allegiance to his country. Peter Ransom (Sebastian Shaw) is a suspect Foreign Office official, and he is made the dupe of a plot to discover his true loyalty. The plot became too complicated, however, and although suspense of a kind was suggested the suspense which could have been derived from a sharper study of the conflict of his loyalties would have made this a more moving experience. Denise Bryer's performance as Ransom's fourteen-year-old daughter was the best thing in the play.

Miss Gwen Cherrell's *Members Only* (Home, August 15) had historical importance because it portrayed the members of one of those stately-home families as figures of farce. The long honeymoon between the West End audience and the Blankshire aristos is obviously ending. The twentieth Earl de Crespeverit (Colin Gordon) is a name to remember. Miss Cherrell's play is worth remembering, too. There were some witty things in it, and I am sorry that I have not more space for it.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Vicious Circles

WHY COMMIT CRIME? To get what you otherwise cannot get. Big money, for instance. If you are on the lower rungs of the wage-earning ladder, £300-£400 in cash will be big money. But once you have it in your hands, the dream may turn into something between mirage and nightmare. On the loose, you wander from Birmingham to Cardiff, from Cardiff to Liverpool, simply because you have to keep on the move—spending the money on the way. You find you can get rid of it in three or four days: a quarter of it, maybe, goes in one visit to a night-club. And then you end up, waiting to be caught, with the rueful conclusion that you 'haven't been brought up to handling a lot of money'.

This was one of the sharper patterns to

emerge from radio's newest contribution to criminology, which made its debut on August 13 in the Home Service, with the first of a series of three programmes by Merfyn Turner, Warden of the Norman House Scheme for Homeless Offenders. Well placed to know his subject inside out, Mr. Turner obviously knew too much to be able to come to easy conclusions. Nor was this the easiest of programmes to listen to. In fact it showed up all the advantages and drawbacks of tape-recording. There was more than the usual amount of background rumble and buzz, but presumably Mr. Turner had to catch his subjects where and when he could, and if the voices were not always easy to pick up their talk was not such as could take place at all in the dry, discreet silence of a recording studio. Only tape can put us inside this kind of world.

It is a world governed by queer contradictions: the compulsion to get away, to keep running as long as possible, coupled with the sense of relief at being caught; the urge to kick over the traces, coupled with resentment at the feeling of being a social outcast. But a remarkable range of characters came up for self-diagnosis in a short half-hour: two criminal alcoholics, one desperate, the other euphoric; a few men for whom crime is a way of life—'There's a lot of excitement in it. And so long as you do your time, nobody's worried'—and the comparative many who make all the effort they can to get off the wheel. The plight of the man with a prison record who feels he is a permanent suspect, who cannot stand and look around him like other people without the fear of being picked up for 'loitering with intent', was brought home with particular force. The whole programme was designed to make us understand before judging. And Mr. Turner, with a sharp Welsh accent, chivvying his subjects like a friendly terrier, came over as a character in his own right.

By contrast, the series 'People Today' has come out with two essays in straightforward presentation. This year being the centenary of the first drilling of an oil well, 'Men in the Oil Industry', a programme by Edward Ward (Sunday, August 9, Home Service), took us on a picaresque tour through a big subject in a way that may have been too vast and too fast for more than one listener's intake. Only a 'Jingle-ism' could convey the general effect: 'Drilling the hole—may be three miles deep—costs five to ten millions—upwards of fifty to develop—spectacular losses sometimes—the old days—Texan drillers—wild, rough men—"gushers" in Mexico, Borneo—now a thing of the past—everyone drenched in oil for miles around—dropping sheep by parachute to supply new oil settlement—queer animals—minute they touch down start to crop grass—big industry—tremendous future—more oil needed—double in the next twenty years...'

After this switchback survey it was odd to meet a programme, by the same hand, with quite the opposite effect. 'A Self-Made Man' (August 10, Home) was a study in social enterprise, the portrait of a young man who had made his own educational and vocational way to Toynbee Hall. With all respect, I could only feel that the subject might deserve ten minutes in a general survey of un-anxious young men, but half an hour to itself seemed too long.

The same evening the Third Programme gave us a reading of two sections from Auden's *The Age of Anxiety*. Impressive as a poem, and as an essay in Anglo-Saxon rhythms and assonances, this seems to me not so much an eclogue, or even a dialogue, as a divided soliloquy. And not all the tact of Frederick Bradnum's production could give it the dramatic dimension which performance seemed to call for. John Buckland's

music seemed effective in its own right, as well as providing appropriate flourishes and reliefs to the text.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Karlheinz Stockhausen

THE MUSIC of the young (thirty-one-year-old) German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen attracting a deal of attention at the present time. Judging by his *Gruppen für drei Orchester* (August 11, Third) he is not fearsome. Half-past ten at night is not perhaps the best time to come across his music at a first meeting, fair neither to it nor to us. That fact, with the additional nuisance of fuss and fashionable chatter, did not predispose one. With the years one comes to mistrust the 'latest thing' or at least, in more charitable mood, to give the little storm time to wear itself out so that one can listen undisturbed by gusts of other men's emotions. But here was music by Stockhausen, a composer mentioned ungrudgingly by Stravinsky, represented by a reputable work, according to those who know their own mind in these matters. And so one was glad to have stayed up long enough to hear it, a first broadcast in this country of what turned out to be a considerably rewarding work.

I had expected, for some reason that now evades memory, that this would prove to be a martyrdom for the ears; but that was not the case. Mr. John Carewe, in a particularly useful introduction, suggested that a first hearing would give little idea of thematic construction but that orchestral timbre would possibly intrigue the ear agreeably and become the main object of attention. There he was, as far as I am concerned, right.

The three orchestras (ninety-two players in all, which included I imagine a peculiarly rich and complex percussion unit) did in fact produce some entrancing sounds; one I recall as reminiscent of somebody pushing their way through a bead curtain. As for perspective and the construction of any of the seven sections, by the fifth I had begun to sense some element of orderly thought. The difficulty was there, not in the quality of sound. How the three orchestras managed to attain what seemed a good ensemble (a matter one has to take on trust at a first hearing with no score for checking details) is a mystery I do not pretend to unravel. Stockhausen was a pupil of Frank Martin and then of Messiaen; but his real master, as distinct from teacher, was Webern and of that there are traces in the *Gruppen*. This performance, manifestly in good trim, came as a recording from Germany and, for the record, the name of the Cologne Radio Symphony Orchestra deserves mention and those of the three conductors, Bruno Maderna, Pierre Boulez, and the composer. By ten past eleven that night one was worn out and yet stimulated, for it had been an exciting experience.

On the previous Sunday (August 9, Third) Rossini's *La Cenerentola* came from Glyndebourne in a sparkling performance that took the air with the grace of a flight of doves pursued by a playful hawk. Signor Vittorio Gui persuaded his orchestra (the Royal Philharmonic) to keep the music translucent in texture and extremely vivacious without becoming merely energetic; all that side of the performance was excellently displayed. The singing of Anna Maria Rota as Angelina, the Cinderella of this curious libretto with the fairy banished to that limbo where Rossini kept the shades of whom he was afraid, was most pleasing as well as immensely expert. The broadcast had an effervescent quality, which is as it should be; a pedestrian performance would be unbelievably silly.

Accompanied with the utmost tact and heedfulness by John Hollingsworth with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (August 12, Home) André Navarra played Elgar's 'Cello Concerto technically well. That the music sounded dry was not the conductor's fault; he did what was expected of him, that is to say he did what the player wanted, was in fact an admirable accompanist. And he went on to give an admirable rendering

of the Cockaigne overture. Navarra seemed unable to get to the heart of the concerto, and not all his fine playing made up for his inability to do that.

John Ireland having become eighty, there was last Friday the opportunity for the 'Prom' audience to hear one of his most subtle orchestral works and one of his most popular, in the first instance, *The Forgotten Rite*, which to this

day has not been equalled in the music of this country for visionary ecstasy; then the Piano Concerto. This was played by Mr. Eric Parkin, a musician devoted to the work and a close student of it. He gave the kind of interpretation one desired; more than that cannot, perhaps need not, be said. Later in the evening Mr. Gordon Clinton's recital reminded of the greatness of John Ireland as a creator of songs.

SCOTT GODDARD

Sir William Walton's Manner and Mannerism

By PETER EVANS

The Symphony, 'Cello Concerto and Partita will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on August 23 (Third)



THE OUTSTANDING EVENT of English music in the 'twenties was the emergence of William Walton as a major talent. At an age at which Elgar and Vaughan Williams had been completely unknown, he demonstrated a sureness of purpose and a technical polish that, through the forum of the S.C.M., soon aroused the widest admiration. On the strength of *Façaade* and the artistic environment it implied, he was too hastily classed with an *avant garde* that was, if not wholly mythical, altogether alien to a fundamentally conservative nature. Indeed, however brilliant his excursion into the then-fashionable European province of mordant satire, he withdrew his position quite markedly in *Portsmouth Point*, where—despite rhythmic quirks well learned from Stravinsky—frank added-note diatonicism is allied to blatantly nautical-English melody.

A naturally conservative musical language is not in itself reprehensible, and the three magnificent works with which Walton fortified his reputation in the 'thirties seem more likely to remain in the repertoire than do many works of those years that sought, with neither conviction nor understanding, to follow the great pioneers of our century in a new ordering of sound. The classical origins of the dissonances which characterize the Viola Concerto (1929) were recognized by Tovey, while the moods they create would have been familiar to Brahms. Yet the style was new and compelling, and the next two works showed its amplification in the service of a wider emotional range than the faintly bitter nostalgia and wry humour of the Concerto. The furious impact of *Belshazzar's Feast* (1931) is by now legendary, so that it is surprising to note how rooted in tradition are its means. The harmony frequently relies on chromatic chords of essentially nineteenth-century origin; one of the tensest chords is borrowed from the *Eroica* Symphony. The lines are mainly diatonic and modulation is clear—prolonged dominants are a mark of Walton's style. It is the extraordinary rhythmic impetus binding the music into huge sections that produces the hypnotic excitement of this still undisputed masterpiece of our modern choral literature.

The Symphony (1935) embraces the entire range of mood revealed in the previous works in a pattern that does not rely on a text for its intelligibility. Whatever the oft-cited influence of Sibelius (traceable in the shape of the opening theme and in details of scoring), this remains a unique solution of the problems of symphonic design. Though the first three movements present stark contrasts, they cannot be neatly categorized (the *scherzo* has more than the *malizia* of its heading, the *andante* a subtler quality than *malincolia*), and in this they are true to the highest ideals of the form. Only in the panache of the finale's brass fanfares may

we feel that an extravagance of gesture, justified by the text in *Belshazzar's Feast*, is out of place in this absolute context. This Symphony has been compared with Vaughan Williams's Fourth (1935); both immensely forceful, their means are sharply contrasted, and Walton's are the nearer to traditional usage. Vaughan Williams achieved a bludgeoning effect by a bludgeoning practice: chromatically inflected lines engage with one another often without harmonic padding, and conforming to no predetermined progression. Walton's score again reveals a conservative outlook in its dependence on orthodox progression (albeit overlaid with dissonance); for example, the preparation for the restatement in his first movement is altogether classical in method.

Other prominent features of the style Walton established in these works are so familiar that they need be recalled only briefly here. His melody is perhaps his most idiosyncratic feature, in its alternation of conjunct motion and wide gesturing intervals (notably sevenths), its alternation of sustained notes and convulsive arabesques, and its drooping cadential moves. His main sources of harmonic effect are diatonic, with additions that give a percussive clash of adjacent notes; in its most intense form this produces the bitter-sweet simultaneity of major and minor modes. Rhythmic patterns are gritty, paragraphs of metrical regularity being disrupted by jagged motives sometimes derived in their syncopation from jazz. An independent attitude to structure can bring new meaning to the old patterns by change of proportion, emphasis, and tonal arrangement; the initial theme may stamp the general mood so indelibly as to demand a final recall.

In short, from three works there emerges a clear impression of a consistently developed style, linked with tradition but none the less original. Undue emphasis may seem to have been laid on Walton's conservatism, but it should be recognized that the disappointment expressed with some later works cannot justly be attributed to his failure to move with the times. From a European standpoint no English composer of that generation has ever been *with* the times, and any attempt to make up leeway by an uneasy flirtation with more advanced techniques might well be disastrous (Walton's twelve-note tailpiece to the variation theme of the Violin Sonata is gently ironic).

What one may regret is Walton's failure to develop within his idiom, a tendency for the manner to be so consciously cultivated as to become mannerism. Whereas in the earlier works there were clear signs of an impetus from other music, we may feel now that the incentive to compose is only re-created by a study of works completed. A faster composer than Walton will tend to assimilate unconsciously the experience of each work as he moves on to another problem,

but it seems as though, perhaps because of the time-lag between Walton's compositions, those already achieved assume too definitive a form in his mind and exercise an irresistible fascination. This is particularly evident when he chooses to repeat a medium. His least successful large-scale work is the cantata *In Honour of the City* (1937) which maintains the choral and orchestral mastery of *Belshazzar* but decorously underlines each idea of the text without generating the sweep of the earlier work. As *Portsmouth Point* preceded Walton's full maturity, his later overture *Scapino* actually gains from re-working the medium; the later orchestral pieces, *Johannesburg Festival Overture* and the *Partita*, are in a divertimento style that Walton can always carry off with nonchalant exuberance.

It is in the more demanding contexts of the later concertos (for violin, 1939, and 'cello, 1956) and large-scale sonata structures (String Quartet, 1947, and Violin Sonata, 1950) that he is most prone to fall back on earlier solutions. The contemplative opening movement-type of the Viola Concerto, relying on the appeal of a spaciouly curved first subject, has already weakened its effect on its reappearance in the Violin Concerto, where the self-consciously elegant main theme produces a rather cloying atmosphere. In the 'Cello Concerto, the theme is stronger but the movement copies from the Viola Concerto not only its basis in 'false relation' but structural features as crucial as the close of the development and the truncated second-subject restatement. The central scherzo movements of the later concertos are vehicles for greater virtuosity, but neither recaptures the wit of the Viola Concerto, and the sentiment they offer as episodic relief is too smooth. A full examination of these works and of the Quartet and Sonata reveals many more attempts to re-create a thematic cast, an emotional pattern, or even an entire structure from earlier works.

Yet Walton has not lost the power to react to new stimuli and to solve new problems. The slow movement of the Quartet, in which one feels him fascinated by a simple but unfamiliar sonority, has a strange smouldering expressiveness, and *Troilus and Cressida*, whatever its total effectiveness, compelled him to explore new moods and to seek out new models (ranging from Verdi to Britten). The problem of the variation-finale, scarcely solved in the Violin Sonata, inspires the finest writing of the 'Cello Concerto, with a theme of a monumental (and slightly Hindemithian) shape, which sustains the movement so impressively as to make redundant the interpolation from the first movement, copied from the other concertos. It is these moments of rejuvenation which enable us to hope for another unqualified masterpiece, and to await Walton's Second Symphony with keen anticipation.

Clipping and Sowing in the Garden during August

By F. H. STREETER

ONE JOB that is often left far too late is hedge clipping: yew and box hedges, for instance, clipped now will remain neat for the remainder of the year. The new growth is soft and the hedge has plenty of time to recover before the winter. Berberis, escallonia, and even sweet briar and rose species need only the straggling pieces cut off, nothing formal. Broad-leaved shrubs like laurel are far better cut with a pair of secateurs: just take off the long growths. To see a laurel hedge cut with shears is a tragedy. If you have a privet hedge growing too tall never hesitate to cut it much lower down. It will soon break and be green again before the winter. When clipping small box trees go lightly; if you clip them too hard they may die. When you are tying small junipers to keep them in shape, tie the branches inside so that there are no unsightly cords or wires to be seen. Keep these junipers well watered, whether there is rain about or not.

Herbaceous calceolarias sown last month are now ready for pricking out into boxes. Crock the boxes, with a little rough stuff over the crocks, then add equal parts of fibrous medium loam, flaky leaf soil, and silver sand. Make it firm and be sure there is no lime in the soil; lime turns calceolarias yellow. Place the boxes on inverted pots in a cold frame facing north. Water

in with rainwater and keep the plants sprayed overhead at least twice a day. One of the secrets in growing these calceolarias is to keep a drop of water right in the centre of the plants.



Schizanthus—the 'poor man's orchid'

The primulas, too, will soon be ready for another move. do not let them become pot bound. Should they attempt to throw up a flower bud, nip it out at once. Now is the time to sow schizanthus—the 'poor man's orchid'—for next May. They make magnificent plants of the most delicate colours. Sow thinly in sandy soil as every seed grows, and on no account should the seedlings be allowed to become drawn or crowded. They germinate very quickly and need potting off singly as soon as one can handle them. Keep them as cool as possible in the frame, with a dusting of soot under and around them. Slugs will travel miles, or so it seems, to get at them and if they have the chance they will clear a pot of seedlings in a night.

Why not try a batch of stocks for flowering in pots in the spring? One often sees them on two- or three-foot stems in the florists' shops, and wonders however they came to be there at that time of the year. By making a small sowing now and raising in a cold frame it is perfectly easy. The stock I like best is called Perfection—pink, white, or yellow—generally grown for the summer borders from a sowing in March. Pot the young seedlings into 60-sized pots when you can handle them. Handle them by the seed leaves, not the stems. These plants, too, need protection against slugs.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Bridge Forum



THE OXFORD PHILOSOPHER, H. W. B. Joseph, used to say that only two inventions in his lifetime had brought nothing but good—electric light and the bicycle: a judgment that would scarcely have been altered had he known the latest achievements of science.

In the field of bridge all bidding conventions carry with them some disadvantage: at the least, they occupy bidding space that could otherwise have been taken by a natural call. The same can be said of most playing conventions: if you lay down that a play should have a special meaning, then the natural meaning is lost. From this general stricture one may except suit preference signals. They were invented about twenty-five years ago and if used on proper occasions they never get in the way. That is why they have been universally adopted by good players.

The simplest and most valuable use occurs when a player is returning a card for his partner to ruff. Let us say that at a spade contract the diamond suit is distributed as follows:

K 10 4
3 A 9 7 5 2
Q J 8 6

Suit Preference Signals

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

West leads his singleton 3 and East wins with the Ace. By the card that he returns he shows partner which suit to lead next. Suppose that East has a quick entry in hearts, the higher valued of the two remaining suits (trumps being excluded): then East returns an unnecessarily high card, the 9. If East wants to suggest a club shift, on the other hand, he returns the 2. If he cannot be sure from his side which suit to encourage he returns a middle card, the 7 or 5, and hopes that West will make the right choice according to his hand.

Another occasion when the suit preference signal can help the defence is when declarer is playing off a long suit and the defenders want to inform one another which suits to protect. Let us say that at no trumps South is running off the diamond suit, which is distributed as follows:

A Q J 10 5
6 3 K 8 9 7 4 2

West will have to make two discards before East, and East can help him by discarding downwards—not upwards in the natural way—if he, East, has control of the higher valued

of the outstanding suits. It is true that, at no trumps, three suits are extant, but in practice a defender can always tell to which suit the signal applies.

A more questionable use of the convention occurs when the partner of the opening leader wants to suggest a particular switch. Suppose that the contract is Six Spades and West leads the king of hearts. East has Q 10 8 3 of hearts and dummy has a singleton. Now it is clear that the defence can take only one trick in hearts and East may think of playing a high heart in order to suggest a switch to the higher valued of the other two suits, diamonds.

The objection to using a suit preference signal in that sense is that sometimes the best defence may be to continue the suit led, either for safety or to force dummy to ruff. Partner cannot always be sure which meaning is intended. Many partnerships, therefore, have a rule, 'No McKenney at trick 1'—McKenney being an alternative name for a suit preference signal.

Next week's article will deal with other forms of defensive signalling

In this anniversary year, Mr. W. B. Turrill has written *The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, Past and Present* (Herbert Jenkins, 25s.).

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



French Beans

IN THE SUMMER French beans are delicious served cold with a curry mayonnaise. Boil the small tender beans whole, with salt and a very thinly sliced onion, until they are cooked, then drain thoroughly. Allow them to get cold and mix with the mayonnaise. Pile the beans up in a dome shape and surround with thinly sliced tomatoes which have been seasoned with French dressing. Peel a lemon and put a few thinly cut slices on top of the beans.

Make the mayonnaise in the usual way with egg, oil and vinegar, salt and pepper, and then add curry powder to taste. This dish goes well with cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, and cold fish.

MARIE-JEANNE

Cucumber Sauce

Fresh cucumber sauce goes well with salmon or fillet that has been cooked gently in simmering, salted water, or with fried fish. Grate the cucumber coarsely (there is no need to peel it unless you want to); add a little salt and very little finely grated onion. Let it stand for an hour then drain off the surplus liquid. Add pepper and a dash of vinegar, or a spoonful of mayonnaise, whichever you prefer. It looks and tastes refreshing.

LOUISE DAVIES

Apple Muse

Perkin Posnet's 'apple muse'—perhaps an early form of apple mousse—is delicious and very little trouble to make. For four portions

peel and core six good-sized cooking apples and cook them until soft in very little water in a covered saucepan. Rub them through a sieve or wire strainer. Add a pinch of salt, half a pint of almond milk, a good pinch of saffron, and sweeten generously with honey. Return to the saucepan and bring to the boil. Thicken by sprinkling in a breakfast cup of fine white bread crumbs, stirring all the while. Serve hot or cold.

To make the almond milk: blanch, peel, and finely chop $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of sweet almonds. Pound well with very little water until milky, and then add water up to a pint. Leave to steep for half an hour, stirring briskly from time to time. One can strain it at this stage, but I leave the pounded nuts in for extra flavour.

HAROLD WILSHAW

Glazing Chintz at Home

I am not going to say that the home washer-woman can ever glaze just as well as a properly equipped laundry does, but quite an effective glaze can be made with soap flakes and Japan wax mixed into a starch-and-borax solution.

You will want: 1 pint of water; 1 level tablespoon of good-quality soap flakes; 2 oz. of Japan wax (this is stocked by chemists). Boil up the soap and the wax in the water (it is a help if you shred the wax first). You will get a creamy emulsion, which you can store in a bottle. To make the borax-and-starch solution dissolve one level tablespoon of borax in a little boiling water, and stir it into one quart of hot, full-strength starch solution. Next, measure out a blend of the emulsion and starch solution, in the proportion of one tablespoon of emulsion to each pint

of full-strength starch solution. Then carry on as though you were starching in the usual way. To iron the chintz, on the right side, you need heavy pressure with a cool iron.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

TIBOR MENDE (page 267): has travelled widely in Asia and recently revisited India, China and Japan; author of *Conversations with Mr. Nehru*, etc.

CHRISTOPHER RALLING (page 269): B.B.C. producer in Southampton; has recently spent a year in Australia as a Fellow of the British Memorial Foundation

JAMES MOSSMAN (page 271): has just returned from two years in Asia as correspondent of *The Daily Mail* and *Sydney Morning Herald*

PATRICK MOORE (page 275): Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; Director of the Mercury and Venus section of the British Astronomical Association; author of *The Planet Venus*, *World of Mists*, etc.

SIR HILARY BLOOD, G.B.E., K.C.M.G. (page 277): Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Mauritius, 1949-54, of Barbados, 1947-49

ERICH HELLER (page 279): Professor of German, University College, Swansea

D. M. LEWIS (page 281): Lecturer in Greek Epigraphy, Oxford University

DARRELL BATES, C.M.G., C.V.O. (page 285): Colonial Secretary, Gibraltar, since 1953

MICHAEL JAFFÉ (page 288): Assistant Lecturer in Art, Cambridge University

Crossword No. 1,525.

Alphabetical Inserts—VII.

By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 27. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

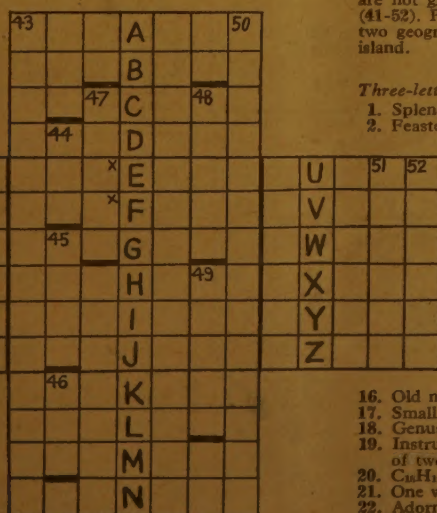
The alphabet has already been inserted in the puzzle which consists of twenty-six across lights, fourteen of seven letters and twelve of five letters. All across lights except the Q word run from left to right. The lights are formed by inserting three- and four-letter words in the spaces between the edges of the puzzle and the columns of inserted letters. These words run from left to right except for the two

four-letter words marked X, and are clued (1-40) by one or two words (A) from which another word (B) is subtracted, the order of the letters being unchanged; either B or the required word occurs unbroken in A. Thus SAM could be clued by SALAAM-ALA OF SESAME-SEE. The number of letters in A and the alphabetical total (A = 1, B = 2 etc.) of the short words are given. The positions of the short words are not given but are fixed by Down lights clued normally (41-52). Punctuation has been ignored and the lights include two geographical names, one biblical and the other a Greek island.

CLUES—ACROSS

Three-letter words:

- Splendid display (9)—provision room = 13
- Feasted (7)—marsh or water grass = 20
- Part of the foot (7)—hard labour = 20
- Stocking spoiled (8)—viper = 21
- Legal procedure (8)—cost = 24
- Long wooden pin found in ship (8)—beaten path = 24
- Easily moved (6)—genus of trees (rev.) = 26
- Analysed (8)—find an answer to = 27
- Pester (6)—headland or prince = 28
- Fine porcelain-like marble (6)—salt work = 28
- Looked for (7)—stricken with fear = 30
- Place (6)—spiteful woman = 32
- Provided with arm coverings (7)—snow carriage = 32
- Tree providing pudding material (4-4)—Ram-, Indian dancer = 33
- Plunder (7)—boy attendant = 33
- Old name for Oenothera (6)—annoy continually = 34
- Small headless nail (8)—heraldic black = 35
- Genus of mallow family (5)—concerning = 36
- Instrument for measuring closeness of grain (10)—verse of two measures = 38
- C₂H₆ (6)—female sandpiper = 39
- One who annoys (8)—organic compound = 39
- Adorning, e.g., a Christmas tree (10)—effective = 42
- Write between (11)—dedicate = 43
- Lakeland mountain (7)—pirate captain = 43
- A pause (9)—positive particle = 43
- Smooth-mannered (6)—a prohibition = 44
- Offensive weapons of war (9)—husbandman = 44
- Tallow-tree genus of sponge family (6)—curdle milk (15) = 46



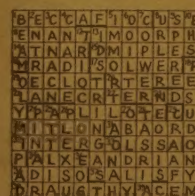
Four-letter words:

- Kind of veil (8)—cultivate = 29
- Oscillated (8)—apron, or annoying child = 30
- Engraving (8)—chant = 32
- Black garnet (8)—small child = 32
- Confer a degree upon (8)—deceased = 45
- 'But, my good girl, have — her? She's something appalling' (Gilbert—3, 4)—that or those poetically = 50
- Exhibit or expound (3, 5)—outlying trading station = 52
- Slender strip of wood (8)—surgical dressing = 58
- He determines amount of tax to be paid (8)—acid = 59
- Pouches (6)—exist = 59
- Egyptian sea-port (4, 4)—settled = 72
- Slice of a cone (7)—fabulous Chinese bird = 78

DOWN

- French chicken disturbed in a gum-tree (6)
- Ox-like; a frightening word to a climber (6)
- 'One — — —, we make eternally, and death will be no more' (Donne 5, 4)
- = 26 (3)
- Pay up for a heating vessel (4)
- Commander causes a trumpeter to miss his final note (3)
- Embellish in lead or nickel (5)
- Spenserian rule and, to the English, a common climatic condition (5)
- Pavements having a particularly Scotch smell which is not specified (5)
- 'The most brilliant achievements of human genius have been impudently — caricatured' (Sala 3, 11)
- French author found at home in Derby, for example (6)
- Chatter from an irresponsible tattler (6)

Solution of No. 1,523



1st prize: K. H. Dixey (Bournemouth); 2nd prize: W. K. Armitstead (Colchester); 3rd prize: Mrs. L. Bush (East Horsley)

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

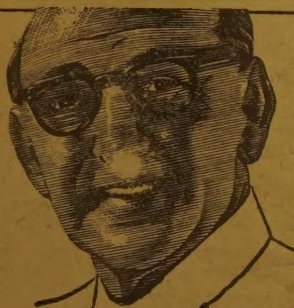
● One of today's problems is how to make the best use of leisure hours. If you are studiously inclined your spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook, and development of mental abilities. Moreover under experienced and sympathetic guidance studying *at home* becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You may study for these in your own time and wherever you are.

● Wolsey Hall Postal Courses for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model answers, correction of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Moderate fees: instalments. More than 15,000 Successes at London University examinations alone from 1947.

● Prospectus free on request (mentioning exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. FE24.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD



LOOSE DENTURES?

THE WAY TO SELF-ASSURANCE

Follow the advice of your Dentist and you can be sure your dentures will remain comfortable and secure throughout each day.

Dentists recommend daily use of Corega—the so sure, so safe vegetable fixative. A sprinkle on your plate provides a strong suction bond which gives perfect adhesion, and makes your dentures feel actually a part of your mouth.

Get a tin from your chemist today; use it and see how self-assured you become as you talk, laugh and enjoy your meals.

For Denture Comfort,
Use

COREGA

The fixative Dentists recommend



UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Founder: WILLIAM BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc.

Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

Vice-Principal: ARNOLD SAXELBYE, M.A. CAMB., B.A. LOND.

Arts Director:

P. G. HALL,
M.A. CAMB.



Science Director:

GEORGE WALKER,
PH.D. CAMB., M.Sc. SYD.

Home Study Courses

For over 70 years U.C.C. has successfully prepared students for examinations by postal lessons. Expert tuition is conducted for GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Universities, and all other Boards), LONDON UNIVERSITY Entrance requirements and DEGREE EXAMINATIONS for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D. Also for A.C.P. and L.C.P. Diplomas, Bar (Parts I and II), Civil Service, Local Govt., R.S.A., and many other examinations.

The College is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern, and has a staff of highly qualified Tutors who are specialists in teaching by correspondence. The very moderate tuition fees may be paid by instalments if desired.

★ Full information is given in the PROSPECTUS obtainable post free from the Registrar,

56 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

Be a Master of English

Picture what it would mean to you to have a mastery of English—to be able to express yourself fluently and attractively, interest others in your ideas, widen your interests, and avoid embarrassing mistakes in speech and writing.

Good English gives you confidence, increases your professional and social standing. It ensures that you make the right impression.

Improve your English in the spare minutes of the day—the fascinating R.I. way. "The best investment I ever made," many students say. The moderate fee brings this unique Course within the reach of all.

Write today to The Regent Institute (Dept. Z/391M), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for interesting free prospectus, "Word Mastery." There is no obligation.

Council of Europe
Tenth Anniversary

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

TATE GALLERY and
ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY

4, St. James's Square, S.W.1

July 10—September 27

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6
Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 Sun. 2-6

Admission
2s. 6d. (Tate Gallery)
1s. (Arts Council Gallery)

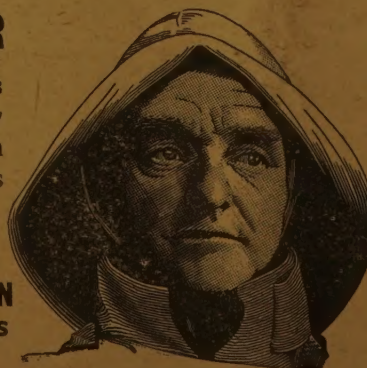
An exhibition arranged for the Council of Europe by the Arts Council of Great Britain

LIVES IN DANGER

The life-boat service depends entirely on voluntary contributions. Your donation may help to save someone's life. Send it to:—

**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS
LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer:
His Grace The Duke of Northumberland K.G.
Secretary:
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.



A Scottish Coxswain

'SO AT LAST I COME TO THE LSJ'

If you have talent you may succeed on your own, by trial and error. On the other hand you may give up in despair. You may think that writing either comes naturally, or not at all, forgetting that painters, musicians and all other craftsmen had to learn their art from those who knew more than they.

If you are disappointed with your own results why not get in touch with the London School of Journalism? It was founded under the patronage of that great journalist Lord Northcliffe. Many famous newspaper proprietors and editors have been its Patrons. And it has helped thousands to success. Why not find out if the LSJ can help you also? It costs nothing to write for the book 'Writing for the Press.'

Chief Secretary,

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

19 WERTFORD STREET, PARK LANE, W.1.

GRO 8250

"There are LSJ students all over the world"

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparing for General Certificate of Education and Prelim exams: for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government and commercial exams: for professional exams in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

MORE THAN 250,000 EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful.
Text-book Lending Library. Moderate fee payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D/11)

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Own a Chappell Piano



as used by
the leading
Colleges
of Music

EXCHANGES
EASY PAYMENTS

Please write for Catalogue and address of nearest Stockist.

THE CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1